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A SPLENDID HAZARD

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHEPATER XIV.

The Drama Begins.

She swayed a little, but recovered as e pain of the shock was succeeded numbness. That out of the dark this room, into the light of that mp, in this house so far removed at it seemed not a part of the world • • there should step this man! hy had there been no hint of his esence? Why had not the clairvoyce of despair warned her? One of r hands rose and pressed over her es, as if to sponge out this phanm. It was useless; it was no dream; was still there, this man she had ither seen nor heard of for five years cause her will was stronger than r desire, this man who had broken r heart as children break toys! And ep below all this present terror was e abiding truth that she still loved m and always would love him. The ame of this knowledge did more an all else to rouse and to nerve her. "Karl?" It was like an echo.

"Yes," There was war in his voice d attitude, and not without reason. e had wronged this woman, not with rect intention, it was true, but nevtheless he had wronged her; and her esence here could mean nothing less an that fate had selected this spot r the reckoning. She could topple wn his carefully reared schemes th the same ease with which he had own over hers. And to him these hemes were life to his breath and it to his blood, everything. What s one woman? cynically. "Yes, it is in the tongue native to them both. "And what do you here?"

"I am Admiral Killigrew's private cretary. He wet his lips. He was t so strong before this woman as he d expected to be. The glamor of e old days was faintly rekindled at e sight of her. And she was beauti-

"Then, this is the house?" in a whis-e.

"It is."

"You terrify me!"

"Hildegarde, this is your scheme," rugging. "Tell them all you know; eak me, ruin me. Here is a fair opportunity for revenge."

"God forbid!" she cried with a iver. "Were you guilty of all crimes, could only remember that once I ved you."

"You shame me," he replied frankbut with infinite relief. "You have ttdone me in magnanimity. Will you rgive me?"

"Oh, yes. Forgiveness is one of the w things you men cannot rob us She spoke without bitterness, but r eyes were dim and her lips drop-d. "What shall we do? They must t know that we have met."

"Cathewe knows," moodily.

"I had forgotten!"

"I leave all in your hands. Do what u will. If you break me—and God ows well that you can do it—it ould be only an act of justice. I have en a damned scoundrel; I am man ough to admit of that."

She saw his face more clearly now. me had marked it. There were new es at the corners of his eyes and e cheek-bones were more prominent. rhaps he had suffered, too. "You ll always have the courage to do," e said, "right or wrong in a great nner."

"Am I wrong to seek—"

"Hush! I know. It is what you st thrust aside or break to reach it, arl. The thing itself is not wrong, t you will go about it wrongly. You n not help that."

He did not reply. Perhaps she was ht. Indeed, was she not herself an ample of it? If there was one ing in a complex career that he reetted more than another, it was the ception of this woman. He did not sess the usual vanity of the sex; ere was nothing here to be proud His dream of conquest was not er the kingdom of women.

"Some one is coming," he said, lisning.

"Leave it all to me."

"Ah! . . ." with a hand toward r.

"Do not say it. I understand the ought. If only you loved me, you uld say!" the iron in her voice was mistakable.

He let his hand fall. He was sorry. Presently the others made their enance upon the scene, a singular antimax. The admiral rang for the cktails. Introductions followed.

"Is it not strange?" said the singer Laura. "I stole in here to look at e trophies, when I discovered Mr. eitmann, whom I once knew in unich."

"Mr. Cathewe," said the young hoss, "this is Mr. Breitmann, who is ding father in the compilation of his ok."

"Mr. Breitmann and I have met bere," said Cathewe, soberly.

The two men bowed. Cathewe ver gave his hand to any but his timates. But Laura, who was not are of this ancient reserve, thought at both of them showed a lack of rmth. And Fitzgerald, who was tching all corners now, was sure at the past of his friend and Breitann interlaced in some way.

"So, young man," said Mrs. Coldld, a handsome motherly woman, ou have had the impudence to let e years pass without darkening my ors. What excuse have you?"

"I'm guilty of anything you say," tzgerald answered humbly. "What all be my punishment?"

"You shall take Miss Laura in and shall sit at your left."

"For my sins it shall be as you say. t, really, I have been so little in w York," he added.

"I forgive you simply because you ve not made a failure of your ther's son. And you look like her. It is one of the privileges of persons to compare the young th this or that parent.

"You are flattering me. Dad used say that I was as homely as a dge-fence."

"Now you're fishing, and I'm too d a fish to rise to such a cast."

"I heard you sing in Paris a few years ago," said M. Ferraud.

"Yes?" Hildegarde von Mitter wondered who this little man could be.

"And you sing no more?"

"No. The bird has flown; only the woman remains." They were at the table now and she absently plucked the flowers beside her plate.

"Ah, to sing as you did, and then to disappear, to vanish! You had no right to do so. You belonged to the public," animatedly.

"The public is always selfish; it always demands more than any single person can give to it. Pardon?" she said, as Cathewe leaned to speak to her. "I did not hear."

M. Ferraud nibbled his crisp celery. "I asked, what will you do?" repeated Cathewe for her ear only.

"What do you mean?"

"Did you know that he was here?"

"I should not have been seated at this table had I known."

"Some day you are going to tell me all about it," he asserted; "and you are going to smile when you answer me."

"Thank you. I forgot. My dear friend, I am never going to tell you about it. Why did you not come first?" her voice vibrating.

"You still love him."

"That is not kind," striving hard to keep the smile on her trembling lips. "Oh, I beg of you, do not make this friendship impossible. Do not rob me of the one man I trust."

Cathewe motioned aside the fish and reached for his sauterne. "I have loved you faithfully and loyally for seven years. I have tried to win you by all those roads a man may honorably traverse in quest of the one woman. For seven years; and for something like three I have stayed away at your command. Will you believe it? Sometimes my hands ache for his throat . . . Smile, they are looking."

It was a crooked smile. "Why did I ever tell you?"

"Why did you ever tell me . . . only part? It is the other part I wish to know. Till I learn what this is I shall never leave you. You will find that there is a difference between love and infatuation."

"As I have never known infatuation I can not tell the difference. Now, no more, unless you care to see me break down before them. For if you tell me that you have loved me seven years, I have loved him eight," cruelly, for Cathewe was pressing her cruelly.

"Devil take him! What do you find in the man?"

"What do you find in me?" her eyes filled with anger.

"Forgive me, Hildegarde; I am blind and mad tonight. I did not expect to find him here either."

Breitmann had tried ineffectually to read their lips. She had given her word, and once given he knew of old that she never broke it; but he was keenly alive that in some way he was the topic of the inaudible conversation. As he sat here tonight he knew why he had never loved Hildegarde, why, in fact, he had never loved any woman. The one great passion which comes into the span of life was centered in the girl beside him, dividing her moments between him and Fitzgerald. Strange, but he had not known it till he saw the two women together. For once his nice calculations had ceased to run smoothly; there appeared now a knot in the thread for which he saw no untying.

"You do not sing now?" asked Laura across the table.

"No," Hildegarde answered, "my voice is gone."

"Oh, I am so sorry."

"It does not matter. I can hum a little to myself; there is yet some pleasure in that. But in opera, no, never again. Has not Mrs. Coldfield told you? No? Imagine! One night in Dresden, in the middle of the aria, my voice broke miserably and I could not go on."

"And her heart nearly broke with it," interposed Mrs. Coldfield, with the best intentions, nearer the truth than she knew. "I am sorry, Laura, that I never told you before."

Hildegarde laughed. "Sooner or later it must happen. I worked too hard, perhaps. At any rate, the opera will know me no more."

There was the hard blue of flint in Cathewe's eyes as they met and held Breitmann's. There was a duel and the latter was routed. But hate burned fiercely in the breast against the man who could compel him to lower his eyes. Some day he would pay back that glance.

Now, M. Ferraud had missed nothing. He twisted the talk into other channels with his usual adroitness, but all the while there was bubbling in his mind the news that these two men had met before. The history of Hildegarde von Mitter was known to him. But how much did she know, or this man Cathewe? The woman was a thoroughbred. He, Anatole Ferraud, knew; it was his business to know; and that she should happen upon the scene he considered as one of these rare good pieces of luck that fall to the lot of few. There would be something more than treasure hunting here; an intricate comedy-drama, with as many well-defined sides as a diamond. He ate his endive with pleasure and sipped the old yellow Pol Roger with his eyes beaming toward the gods. To be, after a fashion, the prompter behind the scenes; to be able to read the final line before the curtain! Butterflies and butterflies and pins and pins.

Did Laura note any of the portentous glances, those exchanged between the singer and Cathewe and Breitmann? Perhaps. At all events she felt a curiosity to know how long Hildegarde von Mitter had known her father's secretary. There was no envy in her heart as again she acknowledged the beauty of the other woman; moreover, she liked her and was going to like her more. Impressions were made upon her almost instantly, for good or bad, and rarely changed.

She turned oftenest to Fitzgerald, for he made particular effort to entertain, and he succeeded better than he dreamed. It kept turning over in her mind what a whimsical, capricious, whirligig was at work. It was droll, this man at her side, chatting to her as if he had known her for years, when, seven or eight days ago, he had stood, a man all unknown to her, on a city corner, selling plaster of Paris statuettes on a wager; and but for Mrs. Coldfield, she had passed him for ever. Out upon the prude who would look askance at her for harmless daring!

"Drop into my room before you turn in," urged Fitzgerald to Cathewe.

"That I shall, my boy. I've some questions to ask of you."

But a singular idea came into creation, and this was for him, Cathewe, to pay Breitmann a visit on the way to Fitzgerald's room. Not one man in a thousand would have dared put this idea into a plan of action. But neither externals nor conventions deterred Cathewe when he sought a thing. He rapped lightly on the door of the secretary's room.

"Come in."

Cathewe did so, gently closing the door behind him. Breitmann was in his shirt sleeves. He rose from his chair and laid down his cigarette. A faint smile broke the thin line of his mouth. He waited for his guest, or, rather, this intruder, to break the silence. And as Cathewe did not speak at once, there was tableau during which each was speculatively busy with the eyes.

"The vicissitudes of time," said Cathewe, "have left no distinguishable marks upon you."

Breitmann bowed. He remained standing.

And Cathewe had no wish to sit. "I never expected to see you in this house."

"A compliment which I readily return."

"A private secretary; I never thought of you in that capacity."

"One must take what one can," tranquilly.

"A good precept." Cathewe rolled the ends of his mustache, a trifle perplexed how to put it. "But there should be exceptions. What," and his voice became crisp and cold, "what was Hildegarde von Mitter to you?"

"And what is that to you?"

"My question first."

"I choose not to answer it."

Again they eyed each other like fencers.

"Were you married?"

Breitmann laughed. Here was his opportunity to wring this man's heart; for he knew that Cathewe loved the woman. "You seem to be in her confidence. Ask her."

"A poltroon would say as much. There is a phase in your make-up I have never fully understood. Physically you are a brave man, but morally you are a cad and a poltroon."

"Take care!" Breitmann stepped forward menacingly.

"There will be no fisticuffs," contemptuously.

"Not if you are careful. I have answered your questions; you had better leave at once."

"She is loyal to you. It was not her voice that broke that night; it was her heart. You have some hold over her."

"None that she cannot throw off at any time." Breitmann's mind was working strangely.

"If she would have me I would marry her tomorrow," went on Cathewe, playing openly, "I would marry her tomorrow, priest or Protestant, for her religion would be mine."

There was a spark of admiration in Breitmann's eyes. This man Cathewe was out of the ordinary. Well, as for that, so was he himself. He walked silently to the door and opened it, standing aside for the other to pass. "She is perfectly free. Marry her. She is all and more than you wish her to be. Will you go now?"

Cathewe bowed and turned on his heel. Breitmann had really got the better of him.

A peculiar interview, and only two strong men could have handled it in so few words. Not a word above normal tones; once or twice only, in the flutter of the eyelids or in the gesture of the hands, was there any sign that had these been primitive times the two would have gone joyously at each other's throats.

"I owed her that much," said Breitmann as he locked the door.

"It did not matter at all to me," was Cathewe's thought, as he knocked on Fitzgerald's door and heard his cheery call, "I only wanted to know what sort of man he is."

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"Oh, I really don't know whether I like him or not," declared Fitzgerald. "I have run across him two or three times, but we were both busy. He has told me a little about himself. He's been knocked about a good deal. Has a title, but doesn't use it."

"A title? That is news to me. Probably it is true."

"I was surprised to learn that you knew him at all."

"Not very well. Met him in Munich mostly."

A long pause.

"Isn't Mill Killigrew just rippin'? There's a comrade for some man. Lucky devil, who gets her! She is new to me every day."

"I think I warned you."

"You were a nice one, never to say a word that you knew the admiral!"

"Are you complaining?"

Fitzgerald laughed; no not exactly; he wasn't complaining.

"You remember the caravan trails in the Lybian desert; the old ones on the way to Khartoum? The pathway behind her is like that, marked with the bleached bones of princely and ducal and common hopes." Cathews stretched out in his chair. "Since she was 18, Jack, she has crossed the man-trail like a sandstorm, and quite as innocently, too."

"Oh, rot! I'm no green and salad youth."

"Your bones will be only the tougher, that's all."

Another pause.

"But what's your opinion regarding Breitmann?"

Cathewe laced his fingers and bent his chin on them. "There's a great rascal or a great hero somewhere under is skin."

CHAPTER XV.

They Go A-Sailing.

Five o'clock in the afternoon, and a mild blue sea flashing under the ever-deepening orange of the falling sun. Golden castles and gray castles and castles of shadowed-white billowed in the east; turrets rose and subsided and spires of cloud-cities formed and re-formed. The yacht Laura, sleek and swan-white, her ensign and colors folding and unfolding, lifting and sinking, as the shore breeze stirred them, was making ready for sea; and many of the villagers had come down to the water front to see her off. Very few sea-going vessels, outside of freighters, ever stopped in this harbor; and naturally the departures of the yacht were events equalled only by her arrivals. The railroad station was close to the wharves, and the old sailors hated the sight of the bright rails, for the locomotive had robbed them of the excitement of the semi-weekly packets that used to coast up and down between New York and Philadelphia.

"Wonder what poor devil of a pirate is going to have his bones turned over this trip?" said the station-agent to Mr. Donovan, who, among others on the station platform, watched the drab anchor as it clanked jerkily upward to the bows, leaving a swivel and a boil on the waters which had released it so grudgingly.

"I guess it ain't goin' t' be an ol' pirate this time," replied Mr. Donovan, with a pleasurable squeeze of the pocketbook over his heart.

"Well, I hope he finds what he's going after," generously. 'He is the mainstay of this old one-horse town. Say, she's a beauty, isn't she? Why, man, that anchor alone is worth more than we make in four months. And think of the good things to eat and drink. If I had a million, no pirates or butterflies for mine. I'd hie me to Monte Carlo and bat the tiger all over the place."

Mr. Donovan knew nothing definite about Monte Carlo, but he would have liked to back up against some of those New York contractors on their own grounds.

"Hi! There she goes. Good luck!" cried the station-agent, swinging his hat with gupsto.

The yacht swam out gracefully. There was a freshening blow from the southwest, but it would take the yacht half an hour to reach the deep-sea swells outside. Her whistle blew cheerily and was answered by the single tug-boat moored to the railroad wharf. And after that the villagers straggled back to their various daily concerns. Even the landlord of Swan's hotel sighed as he balanced up his books. Business would be slack for some days to come.

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The voyagers were gathered about the stern-rail and a handkerchief or two fluttered in the wind. For an hour they tarried there, keeping in view the green-wooded hills and the white cottages nestling at their base. And turn by turn there were glimpses of the noble old house at the top of the hill. And some looked at it for the last time.

"I've had a jolly time up there," said Fitzgerald. The gulls swooped as they crossed and recrossed the milky wake. "Better time than I deserved."

"Are you still worried about that adventure?" Laura demanded. "Dismiss it from your mind and let it be as if we had known each other for many years."

"Do you really mean that?"

"To be sure I do," promptly. "I have stepped to the time of convention so much that a lapse once in a while is a positive luxury. But Mrs. Coldfield had given me a guaranty before I addressed you, so the adventure was only a make-believe one after all."

There never was a girl quite like this one. He purloined a sidelong glance at her, which embraced her wholly, from the chic gray cap on the top of her shapely head to the sensible little boots on her feet. She wore a heavy plaid coat, with deep pockets, into which her hands were snugly buprried; and she stood braced against the swell and the wind, which was turning out strong and cold. The rich pigment in the blood mantled her cheeks and in her eyes there was still a bit of captive sunshine. He knew now that what had been only a possibility was an assured fact. Never before had he cursed his father's friends, but he did so now, silently and earnestly, for their pilfering fingers and their plausible lies had robbed his father's son of a fine inheritance. Money. Never had he desired it so keenly. A few weeks ago it had meant the wherewithal to pay his club dues and to support a decent table when he traveled. Now it was everything to him; for without it he never could dare lift his eyes seriously to this lovely picture so close to him, let alone dream of winning her. He recalled Cathewe's light warning about the bones of ducal hopes. What earthly chance had he? Unconsciously he shrugged.

"You are shrugging!" she cried, noting the expression; for, if he was secretly observing her, she was surreptitiously contemplating his own advantages.

"Did I shrug?"

"You certainly did."

"Well," candidly, "it was the thought of money that made me do it."

"I detest it, too."

"Good heavens! I didn't say I detested it! What I shrugged about was my own dreary lack of it."

"Bachelors do not require much."

"That's true; but I no longer desire to remain a bachelor." The very thing that saved him was the added laughter, forced, miserably forced. Fool! the words had slipped without his thinking.

"Gracious! That sounds horribly like a proposal. She beamed upon him merrily.

And his heart sank, for he had been earnest enough, for all his blunder. Manlike, he did not grasp the fact that under the circumstances merriment was all she could offer him, if she would save him from his own stupidity.

"But I do hate money," she reaffirmed.

"I shouldn't. Think of what it brings."

"I do; begging letters, impostures, battle-scarred titles, humbugging shop-keepers, and perhaps one honest friends in a thousand. And if I married a title, what equivalent would I get for my money, to put it brutally? A chateau, which I should have to patch up, and tolerance from my husband's noble friends. Not an engaging prospect."

She threw a handful of biscuit to the gulls, and there was fighting and screaming almost in touch of the hands. Then of a sudden the red rim of the sun vanished behind the settling landscape, and all the grim loneliness of the sea rose up to greet them.

"It is lonely; let us go and prepare for dinner. Look!" pointing to a bright star far down the east. "And Corsica lies that way."

"And also madness!" was his thought.

"Oh, it seems not quite true that we are all going a-venturing as they do in the story books. The others think we are just going to Funchal. Remember, you must not tell. Think of it; a real treasure, every franc of which must tell a story of its own; love, heroism and devotion."

"Beautiful! But there must be a rescuing of princesses and fighting and and all that. I choose the part of remaining by the princess."

"It is yours." She tilted back her head and breathed and breathed. She knew the love of living.

"Lucky we are all good sailors," he said. "There will be a fair sea on all night. But how well she rides!"

"I love every beam and bolt of her." Shoulder to shoulder they bore forward to the companionway, and immediately the door banged after them.

Breitmann came out from behind the funnel and walked the deck for a time. He had studied the two from his shelter. What were they saying? Oh, Fitzgerald was clever and strong and good to look at, but . . . ! Breitmann straightened his arms before him, opened and shut his hands violently. Like that he would break him if he interfered with any of his desires. It would be fully twenty days before they made Ajaccio. Many things might happen before that time.

Two or three of the crew were lashing on the rail-canvas, and the snap and flap of it jarred on Breitmann's nerves. For a week or more his nerves had been very close to the surface, so close that it had required all his will to keep his voice and hands from shaking. As he passed, one of the sailors doffed his cap and bowed with great respect.

"That's not the admiral, Alphonse," whispered another of the crew, chuckling. "It's only his private secretary."

"Ah, I haf meestake!"

But Alphonse had made no mistake. He knew who it was. His mates did not see the smile of irony, of sly ridicule, which stirred his lips as he bowed to the passer. Immediately his rather handsome effeminate face resumed a stolid vacuity.

His name was not Alphonse; it was a captious offering by the crew, which, on this yacht, never went further than to tolerate the addition of a foreigner to their mess. He had signed a day or two before sailing; he had even begged for the honor to ship with Captain Flanagan; and he gave his name as Pierre Picard, to which he had no more right than to Alphonse. As Captain Flanagan was too good a sailor himself to draw distinctions, he was always glad to add a foreign tongue to his crew. You never could tell when its use might come in handy. That is why Pierre Picard was allowed to drink his soup in the forecastle mess.

Breitmann continued on, oblivious to all things save his cogitations. He swung round the bridge. He believed that he and Cathewe could henceforth proceed on parallel lines, and there was much to be grateful for. Cathewe was quiet but deep; and he, Breitmann, had knocked about among that sort and knew that they were to be respected. In all, he had made only one serious blunder. He should never have permitted the vision of a face to deter him. He should have taken the things from the safe and vanished. It had not been a matter of compunction. And yet . . . Ah, he was human, whatever his dream might be; and he loved this American girl with all his heart and mind. It was not lawless love, but it was ruthless. When the time was ripe he would speak. Only a little while now to wait. The course had smoothed out, the sailing was easy. The man in the chimney no longer bothered him. Whoever and whatever he was, he had not shot his bolt soon enough.

Hillegarde von Mitter. He stopped against the rail. The yacht was burying her nose now, and the white drift from her cut-water seemed strangely luminous as it swirled obliquely away in the fading twilight. Hildegarde von Mitter. Was she to be the flaw in the chain? No, no; there should be no regret; he had steeled his heart against any such weakness. She had been necessary, and he would be a fool to pause over a bit of sentimentality. Her appearance had disorganized his nerves, that was all. Peering into his watch he found that he had only half an hour before dinner. And it may be added that he dressed with singular care.

So did Fitzgerald, for that matter.

It took Cathewe just as long, but he did not make two or three selections of this or that before finding what he wanted. He was engrossed most of the time in the sober contemplation of the rubber flooring or the running sea outside the port-hole.

And this night Hildegarde von Mitter was meditating on the last throw for her hopes. She determined to cast once more the full sun of her beauty into the face of the man she loved; and if she failed to win, the fault would not be hers. Why could she not tear out this maddening heart of hers and fling it to the sea? Why could she not turn it toward the man who loved her? Why, why? Why should God make her so unhappy? Why such injustice? Why this twisted interlacing of lives? And yet, amid all these futile seekings, with sub-conscious deftness her hands went on with their appointed work. Never again would the splendor of her beauty burn as it did this night.

Laura, alone among them all, went serenely about her toilet. She was young, and love had not yet spread its puzzle before her feet.

As for the others, they were on the far side of the hill, whence the paths are smooth and gentle and the prospect is peacefulness and the retrospect is dimly rosal. They dressed as they had done those twenty odd years, plainly.

On the bridge the first officer was standing at the captain's side.

"Captain," he shouted, "where did you get that Frenchman?"

"Picked him up day before yestiddy. Speaks fair English an' a bit o' Dago. They're allus handy on a pleasure-boat. He c'n keep off th' riffraff boatmen. An' you know what persistent cusses they be in the Med'terranean. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, if he's a good sailor. Notice his hands?"

"Why, no!"

"Soft as a woman's."

"Y' don't say! Well, we'll see 'em tough enough before we sight Funchal. Smells good up here; huh?"

"Yes; but I don't mind three months on land, full pay. Not me. But this Frenchman?"

"Oh, he had good papers from a White Star liner; an' you can leave it to me regardin' his lily-white hands. By th' way, George, will you have them bring up my other leg? Th' salt takes th' color out o' this here brass ferrule, an' rubber's safer."

"Yes, sir."

There was one vacant chair in the dining-salon. M. Ferraud was indisposed. He could climb the highest peak, he could cross ice-ridges, with a shear mile on either side of him, with never an attack of vertigo; but this heaving mystery under his feet always got the better of him the first day out. He considered it the one flaw in an otherwise perfect system. Thus, he missed the comedy and the tragedy of the eyes at dinner, nor saw a woman throw her all and lose it.

To Be Continued

FLOWERS AS A FIELD CROP

CENSUS reports have proved that few industries show such a rate of expansion, in the United States, as the growing of flowers for the market. Few branches of business increase at such a rate per cent as the trade of the florists.

This is a natural result of the rapid accumulation of wealth. It is one of the many evidences of the swift expansion of the purchasing power of the American people. But if it were possible to produce flowers in this country at such small cost as is the rule, not the exception, in France, the traffic in that beautiful and fragrant merchandise would increase enormously.

By comparison with Paris prices flowers such as roses, violets and carnations are very costly in the United States. The difference is most marked in winter. Then the product of American hothouses has to matched against the crops grown in French fields.

In the Mediterranean coast region of southern France the growing of flowers is the chief industry of many thriving districts. It is the support of thousands of families. The climate is mild and sunny enough to mature violets, roses, carnations and other popular flowers in the open air, all winter.

Care is necessary, and much ingenuity is displayed in making the most of the heat of the brief winter sun. Often there are windbreaks of reeds which shut off cold air currents from the north and help in catching all the warmth of the sun. Some roses are grown in frames with open tops which can be covered with straw or with reed matting.

These outdoor flowers are considered decidedly better than any grown under glass. The florists of southern France object strongly to any mixing of their product with that of the greenhouses in colder sections of the country. It is claimed and generally believed, that the open air flowers keep fresh longer and stand transporting and handling better than hothouse blossoms.

Every night through the cold months, from November to March, a special flower train starts from Toulon on the Mediterranean coast, and runs through to Paris at high speed, carrying about 10 cars loaded with cut flowers in reed baskets, broad and shallow, and cardboard boxes. Hundreds of baskets are dropped off at towns between the flower districts and Paris, and cars are switched off for Munich, Frankfort and Berlin. Some of the packages go all the way to St. Petersburg. Many are rushed through to Calais for steamers to Dover, which connect with express trains from that port to London, Manchester and other British cities.

The parcels are sorted by a special train crew, like mail in postal cars, and as a rule the fragile blossoms reach their destination in excellent condition. There is little loss from injury in shipments running up to 400 or 500 miles.

The result of this trade in open-air flowers is that the growers are able to get from $150 to $700 an acre from their land and yet put flowers on the market in Paris, hundreds of miles distant, at prices amazingly low, from the American point of view. The Heyeres district alone has sometimes marketed over 1,000,000 pounds of violets in a winter season, at prices averaging from half a cent to a cent a bunch for bunches containing 50 violets apiece, of the finest quality. They are often sold on the Paris streets at two cents a bunch.

Now a concerted effort is being made to hold the price up to nearly two cents a bunch, wholesale, at the point of shipment, but the success of the movement is uncertain.

In Paris, last December, the price of carnations from the Riviera was from four cents to 77 cents a dozen, the highest price being for splendid flowers of the most prized varieties. The great bulk of the stock went at from 6 to 10 cents a dozen.

Roses ranged from six cents a dozen to $1.35, the latter being altogether exceptional. Few, comparatively, sold higher than 40 cents a dozen. Violets were from two to four cents a bunch. Later in the winter they became much cheaper. Narcissus sold at about three cents for a bunch of one dozen blossoms.

Even at such prices the shipments from the great flower-growing districts run up to $7,000,000 in a winter season. When spring comes in the north it becomes unprofitable to ship flowers across France, except in extraordinary instances.

The question has been raised whether something like this French open-air flower industry might not be developed in the south, where soil and transportation facilities are favorable. It is certain that cities like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington and many others would provide a great market for flowers if they could be sold at twice or three times the Paris scale of prices. Violets of good quality might be disposed of in large quantities at 10 times the French maximum of three or four cents a bunch.

Some of the World's "Firsts"

AMERICAN pride often exaggerates the position of the United States, in various comparisons with other countries, out it is easy to make up a long list of American "firsts," nevertheless, which will stand the strictest tests. No other country leads in so many big factors in growth, useful activities and possessions that mean comfort and security against want.

The United States stands first in the total value and size of its crops, China, where no statistics are collected, being left out of the account in respect to the possible bulk of its agricultural products. This country is first in manufactures and in machine power. It leads the world in internal commerce.

The American republic is foremost in the world in wealth and in the annual production of wealth. It leads all countries in its output of minerals. American coal is the biggest single mining item in the industries of the world.

This country is not the first in the yield of gold mines, but it beats all others in the quantity of gold it possesses. It is ahead of all other countries in iron, steel, copper, zinc, natural gas and petroleum. It leads in cotton, corn and tobacco. It is first, also, in the production of lumber.

America is foremost in the world in railroads, lake shipping and traffic and crop exports. It surpasses all other countries in immigration and city growth.

This is the foremost nation of the world in the number of swine and mules and in the value, if not the number of horses, Russia being about even in numbers. The United States is far in the lead in automobiles. It has the biggest trees, the greatest waterfall, the most tremendous canyon.

America beats the world in the number of newspapers and the expenditure upon public schools. Unfortunately, it is also the first country in the volume and cost of litigation, the amount of fire losses, the murders and the lynchings. No other country gives doctors so much business.

On the other hand, America usually wins first honors in the Olympic games. It has the champion prizefighter of the world, the champion wrestler, the best marksmen.

Russia, by reason of great size, has many "firsts" in world competition. It leads in the growth of population, in the number of white inhabitants and in the extent on the one land mass, not separated by seas, under its flag.

Russia is first, also, in rye, wheat and the extent of its timber lands. It has the highest paid sovereign, the greatest crown estates, the biggest standing army. Germany leads the world in the number of books published every year. It has the largest university, the highest proportion of citizens trained, more or less, in music. It beats all other countries in potatoes, potash and the manufacture of chemicals. German forests are better kept and cropped than any others of equal or greater extent.

Great Britain is first in the world in imports, exports, merchant shipping and shipbuilding. The British navy is the biggest and strongest. There is no other empire so extensive as the British, probably none so populous.

The United Kingdom has invested more money in foreign countries and loaned more to foreigners than any other country. No other nation has as great a surplus of imports over exports, but none draws so vast a revenue from other lands.

The British Isles have the largest city in the world, the biggest steamship, the foremost port, the most widely scattered colonies. Great Britain leads the world in the average yield of wheat in proportion to the area planted.

China has the largest population of one race, perhaps the largest absolutely, under any one government or flag. The Chinese empire leads the world in rice and tea, in all probability. It has the longest canal in the world and the most extensive masonry structure—the "Great Wall."

So the world's records go and so great countries fare in their rivalry. It is the most stupendous and interesting competition in all the range of human affairs.

Little Plain Talks

Gospel Veneer

PEOPLE are no longer afraid of God. The true vision of the Living God is falling out of the sight and minds of the people. Humanitarianism is exalted over Divinity and mere morality goes at a premium.

The spiritual sense grows dull. The doctrines which center about the atonement, and once were the power of God unto the salvation of the multitude, are discarded as too crude for these enlightened times.

W. J. Bryan

A SLEEPING MEMORY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XXX.

Physically, Eleanor became at that time a puzzle both to Powers and to the physician whom he called into attend upon her. From an almost animal perfection of health, she passed after her recovery from that prolonged fainting fit into a state of nervous prostration, the more remarkable from its contrast to her former robustness. She lost her color, her light gracefulness of movement, her brilliant gayety of manner. She moved about listlessly, with pallid cheeks, and always with a strange gleam in her eyes—of expectancy, mingled with apprehension. They gave her the usual tonics, took her to a river picnic, to Ranelagh, and to several dances, at all of which her admirers gathered once more around her. None of these things roused her. She yawned in the faces of the men who laid themselves out to entertain her, she found punting and polo equally without charm. Lady Fiske took her openly to task.

"My dear," she said, "you were very rude to Lord Winandermere this afternoon."

"He wearies me so," Eleanor admitted. "He says always the same things; he makes my head ache."

"You seemed to find him amusing enough until quite lately," Lady Fiske answered. "I do not understand such a sudden change. There is Captain Hood, too. You are positively not civil to him."

"They should leave me alone, then," Eleanor declared irritably. "They are both very tiersome. I should be glad not to see either of them again so long as I live."

Lady Fiske raised her glasses and surveyed her charge in cold amazement.

"I presume you know what you are saying, Eleanor," she remarked. "In that case, it scarcely seems worth while your going to the Punchestons tomorrow afternoon."

"It isn't worth while going anywhere," Eleanor replied wearily.

Lady Fiske went at once in search of her son.

"Powers," she said, "have you heard anything yet from Eleanor's uncle?"

"Not yet," he answered.

"Or her father?"

"No!"

"She has been with us longer than the time Colonel Hardinge mentioned in his letter."

Powers shrugged his shoulders. "We can scarcely turn her away," he said.

"Perhaps not," Lady Fiske answered. "On the other hand, it is best for you to understand this. I am going to Homburg on the first of next month, and I shall take Marian with me. It will be necessary, therefore, for you to make some other arrangements for Eleanor between now and then."

"I will do so," Powers promised.

"In the meantime," Lady Fiske continued, "I think it will be better for her to keep quite quiet. She is evidently not in the humor for society."

"Just as you please," Powers answered. "Only you must remember that she is out of health. Don't be too hard upon her, mother. She is really in a very nervous condition."

"I do not wish to be hard upon her," Lady Fiske said. "I do not think that I am. But it is only natural that I should find her apparent ingratitude and ungraciousness a little trying."

"You do not know everything," Powers said, in a low tone.

Lady Fiske eyed him keenly.

"I am beginning to believe, Powers," she said, "that there are many things in connection with Eleanor and her visit here which I do not understand. Is it too late to ask you to give me your confidence?"

He shook his head. "I am afraid—it is too late!" he said sorrowfully.

Lady Fiske looked at him, and her face softened.

"I believe, Powers," she said, "that you would never do anything which was not honorable. If you have ever deceived in any way, or acted foolishly, tell me about it. I may be able to help you—even now."

"It is not possible, mother!"

She hesitated for a moment, then continued:

"You can perhaps understand, Powers, that my position is not wholly a pleasant one just now. I hate gossip, but there is no doubt that there have been curious rumors about concerning Eleanor."

"What sort of rumors?" he asked sharply.

"Concerning her identity."

"Rubbish!"

Lady Fiske moved towards the door, but came back again.

"Nevertheless, Powers, there are people in London who knew the Hardinges in India, and who utterly fail to recognize Eleanor."

"She has changed!" he declared. "I did not recognize her myself."

"Yet you are convinced?"

"Absolutely!" he answered, with a faint smile. "I am as sure of her identity as I am of my own."

Lady Fiske did not pursue the subject.

"As regards the next few weeks—" she began.

"I am going to take her to Brindells," he said. "She needs a change, and I have wired Hassel to get the place ready."

Lady Fiske was surprised.

"Will she go there? It is the dullest spot in England. She will be buried alive! A girl like Eleanor will mope her heart out there."

"I think that she will go," he answered.

"And you?"

"I shall go, too, of course."

She looked at him fixedly. "What does it mean, Powers?"

"Can't you see?" he exclaimed. "How

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blind you are, mother! I love her!"

"Powers!"

Lady Fiske collapsed into the nearest chair. This, then, was the explanation of it all, the one possibility which had never even entered into her head. She was too surprised for words. She sat and looked at him.

"I thought women saw those things so quickly, mother! In any case, I don't know why you should be so amazed. A good many other men have admired her."

"That is true," Lady Fiske said, in a low tone. "All the same, I should never have believed this save from your own lips."

"Why not?"

"I should not have imagined," Lady Fiske answered, "that you would have been attracted by a girl of Eleanor's disposition."

"You do not understand her as I do! She is not really so frivolous as she has seemed lately. Already there is a change."

"But—have you spoken to her?" Lady Fiske asked.

"Not yet!"

She hesitated.

"Do you know, Powers, the more I think of this, the more I am bewildered. Just lately you and she seemed somehow always—at cross-purposes. I should have said that you almost disliked one another."

He was silent, and Lady Fiske's eyes slowly filled with tears. For a man's suffering is not a pleasant thing to watch, and the man was her son.

"It was fancy, of course," she continued hastily. "If Eleanor once knows how you feel towards her, she is scarcely likely to think twice of such men as Captain Hood and Winandermere. You must show her a little more attention, Powers."

He smiled wearily.

"Dear mother," he said, "it is a relief to me to know that you have no serious objection."

"You will have this question as to her identity finally settled first, of course, Powers?"

"It shall be absolutely settled, and before very long," he promised her. "As for the rest—very likely Eleanor won't have me. I am older than most of these men, of course, and—"

"It was only a few minutes ago," Lady Fiske interrupted eagerly, "that I spoke to her about Hood and Winandermeer, and she quite annoyed me by saying that she hoped she might never see either of them again. Of course, I can understand it now."

Powers looked away.

"There is something, or rather some one else, whom I fear a good deal more than those young men, mother," he said. "But never mind about that now. I want you to let Marian come down to Brindells with us. Can you spare her?"

"I must," Lady Fiske decided. "You cannot go down without her."

"I have sent for Nurse Endicott," he said. "She attended Eleanor before, you know, and I think that she needs some one with her."

Lady Fiske rose to her feet.

"If Marian is willing," she said, "I will spare her. And Powers—forgive me, but this has come so suddenly! You are quite sure—that you understand—Eleanor, and your feeling towards her?"

"I understand, mother," he answered. "For the present you must take my word for it. There is another Eleanor whom as yet you do not know. She will be your very dutiful and your very loving daughter some day—if I am fortunate enough to—"

He stopped short. Eleanor stood in the doorway. She came slowly into the room.

"I wanted to see you," she said to Powers.

He smiled, and placed a chair for her.

"Is it a cheque?" he asked, "or some more young men to be sent about their business?"

"I want to know how it is that nothing has been heard from my uncle," she said, "or my father?"

There was a dead silence. In her face were traces of a strange new nervousness. Her interlocked fingers were moving restlessly.

"It is so absurd—so horrible—to look back—and to remember nothing," she continued, with a little break in her voice. "I want to see some one who really belongs to me—my father or my uncle, or some one. Perhaps that would help me—to remember."

"Your father is in China, dear," Lady Fiske said, "and I am sure that Powers is trying his utmost to find your uncle. It must be horrid, of course, to remember such a very little way back, but you have been so very brave about it. You musn't give way all at once."

She turned to Powers. "Have you heard anything from my uncle yet?"

"Not yet."

"Then, if you please," she said, "I should like to go back to my father."

Lady Fiske moved to her side and laid her hand caressingly upon her shoulder.

"My dear," she said, "I am afraid that you would never be able to find your father. He is in China on a secret mission for the government. That is why he cannot write or receive letters. You must be content with us for a little longer. We may hear from your uncle any day."

Eleanor looked steadily into Lady Fiske's face. "You speak more kindly to me now," she said.

Lady Fiske laughed reassuringly.

"You must bear with an old woman," she said, "if sometimes she gets a little short-tempered. Powers has been talking about taking you to a little place we have in Lincolnshire close to the sea. I wonder whether you would not like that?"

"If I could get away—a long distance away!" Eleanor exclaimed, with a sudden tremulous emotion. "If only I could!"

Powers went quietly over to her, and took one of her restless hands in his.

"Eleanor," he said, "we are going to take you away to Brindells tomorrow. There will be no one there but Marian and me. You shall be alone as much as you choose. No one shall come near you whom you do not care to see."

She looked at him almost wistfully.

"Tomorrow!" she repeated.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Hark!"

It was the first sign of her awakening interest in life. Towards the end of dinner on the evening of their arrival Powers had thrown open the French windows and let in the deep music of the sea. She started to her feet with a strange little cry.

"The tide is coming in," Powers said. "You see the beach is just below the gardens."

She attempted no excuse, but stepped at once through the window and crossed the lawn. From there a winding path led through a small spinney of stunted pine trees down to the beach. She never paused until she stood upon the shingle, with her pale, rapt face turned seawards. Powers followed noiselessly, close behind. Almost to their feet, the long waves came thundering in, weird and ghostlike, with their white, foam-flecked tops in the gray twilight. She stood like a statue, her lips parted, her bosom rising and falling quickly under the black lace of her dinner gown.

"Listen," she murmured, "it is the old cry, unending, everlasting. Where have I heard it before? Oh, tell me! tell me!"

"I cannot," he answered. "Would to God I could!"

There was the scream of the pebbles ground together, drawn back by the long, retreating waves, and around a rock a few yards ahead they saw the white spray leap up into the air as the waves broke over it. From the headland a bright light flashed out across the North sea. She looked towards him and shivered.

"Why have we come here?" she asked. "You had a reason! Tell me!"

"None whatever," he answered promptly, "except that it is the purest air in England, and we thought that it would be good for you. We need not stay unless you like. It is for you to say, Eleanor."

She paid no more attention to him. She stood with her face turned seawards listening—always listening. And still the tide came rolling in, and its muffled thunder throbbed in their ears. He went back to the house and fetched wraps. She let him adjust them without thanks or remark. Soon the gathering darkness blotted out everything except the faint phosphorescent light which gleamed on the tops of the breaking waves.

"Come," he said at last, touching her arm gently, "it is late, and we have left Marian alone. You have only to open your window, and all night long you can listen to the sea."

She did not move, but soon Marian came out and called to them. Then she suffered him to lead her slowly towards the house, pausing every now and then to listen. A faint moon was shining through a misty sky and he caught a glimpse of her face, which startled him. It was as though she were listening to voices which he could not hear. There was the breath of another world about her.

She bade them good-night and went to her room. But Powers, smoking a late pipe in the garden, saw the outline of her still face at the window, and in the morning, though he himself was an early riser, he found her standing bareheaded upon a sandy knoll, her skirts blowing about her, her face once more turned eagerly seaward. He went up to her doubtfully.

"Still listening," he called out. "After all, it is the same cry always."

She shook her head, but she did not look at him.

"No," she answered, "the sea has many voices. It has a different message for everybody. Only it is not everybody who can understand."

He held out his hand. "Come down," he said. "Breakfast is ready."

She came obediently. He walked by her side through the tangled garden.

"You are looking better already," he declared.

"There is nothing the matter with me," she answered.

"Are you afraid of being dull here?" he asked. "You see we have no neighbors and the village is a mile away."

She smiled curiously.

"There is never any dullness," she said, "where that is!"

He was prepared for changes in her, but this sudden transition from a materialism almost gross was staggering. It was only a few weeks ago that she had flatly declined to move a yard to see the river flooded by yellow moonlight, and had yawned in the middle of a nightingale's song in the woods at Chertsey. He had watched in vain for a single sign of feeling in her face. Now she was pale almost to the lips with emotion.

"I did not know," he said, "that you were so fond of the sea. I never heard you speak of it."

"I think," she said slowly, "that the memory of it lay a long way back—amongst the forgotten things."

He nodded.

"It is the beginning," he said. "Other things will come, too. They will help one another."

"I pray," she murmured, "that it may be so! Powers, did I know you well enough to remember you before the illness?"

"Yes," he answered. "We were friends before then."

She nodded thoughtfully.

"From the first," she said, "I have always thought so. Your voice and your face both seem familiar."

"When your memory comes back," he said, smiling, "I hope that you will do me justice."

"I feel that I shall," she murmured. "I feel that you have always been good to me."

Powers for a moment was absurdly happy. Her next question, however, chilled him.

"When is Dr. Trowse coming, Powers?"

"Who?"

"Dr. Trowse."

It was the first time she had mentioned his name. Powers watched her keenly. She seemed to have no anxiety concerning his answer.

"Dr. Trowse is not coming at all," he declared firmly. "I should not allow him to come near you."

Her face showed neither relief nor disappointment. Only she was looking landwards now, and her eyes were a trifle dilated.

'Eleanor! You do not want him?" he asked anxiously. "Tell me that you do not."

She did not answer. She was moving on now towards the house.

"Eleanor," he begged, "do be frank with me! You do not wish to have him back, or to see him again, I am sure that you cannot! It was he who made you ill."

Still she kept her face partly averted, looking along the white, dusty road which stretched far away back across the moorland. When she spoke her voice seemed to come to him from a distance.

"What does it matter," she murmured, "whether I want him or not? He will come. I believe that he is on his way now. He will come, and ..... he will help me to understand. He will rest his fingers here," she touched her forehead lightly, "and the cloud will roll away."

"Do you remember the last time you saw him?" he asked.

"Don't ask me! I can't bear to think!"

"And yet you speak of his coming as though it were a matter of course! It is folly. He shall not see you. I will not allow it."

She laughed in soft derision.

"He will come," she said, and neither you nor I will be able to stop him."

"Let him," Powers answered fiercely. "He shall not speak to you. Already I have warned him."

Marian called out to them from above. Breakfast was ready. They were to come at once. Eleanor ran lightly up the steep path with a sudden revival of her old grace. Powers followed with darkening face.

CHAPTER XXXII

She passed across the dew-wet lawn, and lifting softly the latch of the wooden gate, stepped into the road. Behind the long low house lay sleeping; all around was that deep, mysterious silence of the hour before dawn. She laughed softly to herself and turned seaward.

Presently she passed through an iron gate. Beyond was half a mile of creeks and swamps now full of the soft rippling tide. The rough road to the beach had become a silvery river, with white posts to mark its course. She stooped and dipped her hands in the cool, soft water. Then she climbed the grass dyke which curved its way down to the sea. There came to her as she walked a flavor of salt on the slowly moving breeze, and she threw back her head and smiled as though with the delight of it. Around her the full tide had made a vast inland sea of the marsh land and sand hills. It came rippling almost to her feet as the tide grew lower, and again as she climbed away from the the sweet breeze cooled her hot forehead, and beyond she caught a glimpse of the sea itself, cold and gray, with white-topped breakers and spray falling about the rocks like driven snow. For the moonlight was waning, and the dawn had as yet barely streaked the heavy mass of clouds which seemed to rise from seawards.

And as she walked she began to sing softly and to herself. The place was a wilderness—no living thing seemed to stir. So there was no one to wonder at that strange, chanting tune, or at the time-forgotten words. And as she sang the color brightened her cheeks, and the wakening breezes blew the hair about her face.

As she came towards the end of the dyke there clambered up on to it from the shoreward side the strange figure of a man. He was short and dressed in shabby black clothes, plentifully besprinkled with sand. His hair was unkept and his beard weak and straggling—of recent growth. He stood there watching her coming with straining eyes. So, as she never checked her pace, they came presently face to face upon the dyke at a spot where neither could pass. She broke off in her song and looked down upon him.

"Who are you?" she said. "Why do you not let me pass?"

"You have forgotten me, Miss Hardinge," he answered wistfully. "I am Henry Johnson."

Her face darkened.

"You are one of my persecutors," she said, coldly. "What are you doing here?"

Tears stood in his eyes.

"Oh, don't call me that, Miss Hardinge!" he begged. "I would not do anything to annoy you for the world. I knew you once, though you have forgotten me—and I cannot forget you," he echoed with a little sob.

A great sea-bird, disturbed by their voices, rose from the ditch below with a flapping of wings, and drifted away seawards. He started so violently that he would have slipped down the dyke side but that she caught him.

"It is only a bird," she said. "If you had seen as many of them as I have you would not heed them. I ave seen them in droves when their wings darkened the sky, and I have heard them calling to one another down the north wind. Afterwards there comes the storm, the hurrying black clouds, the cold breeze, the distant thunder. My little man, where have you lived all your life that you know nothing of these things?"

"I was sent to Bearmain's when I was so young," he exclaimed apologetically. "I have been to Margate twice, but it was in the summer."

She laughed softly.

"Come and sit with me on the sandhill there," she said, "and I will tell you about the sea."

He followed her like a duumb animal. Almost to their feet the long waves made harsh music upon the shingle. He pointed inland to where the bare outline of the house was dimly visible in the twilight.

"For three nights," he muttered, "I have watched your light at the window there. I knew that you slept ill, for the light burned till dawn."

"Where the sea is I cannot sleep," she murmured. "All the while I hear it crying out for me. What does it say to you I wonder,"

He was puzzled.

"I am not like that," he said doubtfully. "I do not listen."

She looked at him as one who hears words which are past all comprehension.

"Poor little man," she said softly. "Listen, have you never heard this when the north wind blows?"

And again she sang to him that wonderful song—and his eyes grew big with wonder. When her voice died away he shook his head.

"No, I have never heard that," he said. "It is very beautiful. I have never heard the music, and I do not know what language it is."

She smiled.

"It is the song of Ulric the Dane," she told him. "Many a time he has sung it to me as we stood on the prow of his ship, and the spray broke over our heads and leaped high into the sunshine. He sang it to me when the cold sleet stung our cheeks, and the wind came rushing about us, and we heard no longer the swirl of the oars. He sang it to me in the darkness whilst we stole into the harbor, and below his men sharpened their swords and fitted their spearheads."

"Who was Ulric?" he asked wonderingly. "Was it some one you knew before you came to Bearmain's?"

"Ulric was my lover," she answered, with her faraway eyes sweeping the gray sea-line. "Every night when the tide comes in he calls to me, but I do not know where he is. I do not think that I shall ever see him any more."

"Tell me about him," he begged.

Her eyes shone.

"He was tall and strong like a god," she answered, with yellow hair and beard, and wonderful blue eyes. No man save he could wield his sword, and in battle men gave way before him as the corn falls before the scythe. And because he loved me he brought me here with him from over the seas. I sat in the ship whilst he and his men fought on the land. Oh, it was a grand sight, little man. How the poor Britons fled like sheep, for they could not face Ulric and his men, even to save their homes. And at night when the villages were burning, back came my lover with skins and ornaments, corn and wine, and we were all happy together."

He edged a little away from her. He watched her still with fascinated eyes.

"Do you mean that you remember these things?" he asked. "You have read about them in a book."

"A book!" she exclaimed scornfully. "What need have I of books to tell me of these things?—I, to whom their happening was but as yesterday. Only then my name was Hildegarde, and now they call me Eleanor."

"But this all happened very long ago," he protested. "You are only twenty-five, you know. It isn't possible for you to remember."

She eyed him with tolerant scorn.

"You foolish little man!" she exclaimed. "You do not understand. The things which have happened to me since I was Eleanor I do not remember at all, but the days when I was Hildegarde, and Ulric was my lover, are as clear to me as moonlight. I could tell you many things of those days if you cared to listen—how Ulric slew his brother because he lifted his eyes to me, and how once we were both taken prisoners by the King of East Mercia, and Ulric burst his bonds, the strongest they could forge, and slew the guards one by one. It was just such a dawn as this when we came running to the seashore, and when we smelled the salt wind how we laughed in one another's faces for the joy of our freedom. Behind the Britons were staggering with fatigue—for Ulric ran like a god, and when I was weary he caught me up by the waist, and I lay upon his shoulder, and never troubled him. Or I could tell you how he slew his chief captain because one night he whispered in my ear."

"Thank you, I'd rather not," Johnson answered, edging a little farther still away. "Can't you tell me about something a little less bloodthirsty?"

She laughed gayly, and her face seemed to catch a gleam of the coming sunlight.

"What a poor weak creature you are!" she exclaimed compassionately. "You would have made a poor woman in those days. What should we have done with you, I wonder? Ulric would have tied you down underneath and bound your arms to the oars. That was his way with the men who had no stomach for fighting."

His head dropped forward upon his hands. His thin frame was shaken with sobs. She looked at him in wonder.

"What is the matter with you?" she exclaimed.

"I can't help it," he moaned. "So long I have waited to see you. Ada was right after all. It is madness. And yet I can't get away from it. I've hung about here day by day, night by night, just for a word—even a glance. What have those devils been doing to you? Why do you talk—as though you were a madwoman? Is it part of their accursed work?"

She looked at him, suddenly sobered. She was very pale.

"You do not think that I am mad?" she asked, in a hoarse whisper. "It isn't madness, is it? No! It can't be that."

"No," he echoed, "not that. But you talk strangely, you know. You have forgotten things which have only just happened, and you have been talking about things which must have happened hundreds of years ago as though they had been only yesterday."

"You have frightened me," she said slowly. "I must go back now. See, it is morning."

A gleam of silver rested upon the ocean, a lark rose up from a grassy patch behind and circled over their heads, singing blithely. She shook out her skirts and turned to leave him.

"Tell me," he cried, "is there nothing I can do for you?"

She paused. Her eyes were fixed upon the dusty inland road. She looked from it to the strange little figure by her side.

"Are you braver than you seem, little man?" she asked doubtfully.

"I will do anything you ask me," he answered eagerly.

"Along that road," she said, "will come a man of whom I am afraid. It may be today or tomorrow, or the next day—but he will come. He is tall and thin, with no hair on his face, and eyes like cold fires. He stoops as he walks, and he limps with his left foot."

"I shall know him," he declared. "Well?"

"If Ulric were here with me," she murmured, "I should say kill, for the man is my enemy. He touches me, and I am helpless; he looks at me, and I am his slave. If Ulric were here he would kill him for me."

He stood on the knoll by her side.

"Kiss me," he said, "and I will do even as Ulric would have done."

She stooped and kissed him on the lips. Then she passed away without further speech, walking swiftly inland, with long, graceful steps. He watched her until she disappeared, a strange, wistful little figure, uncouth and disheveled though he was. The touch of her lips had fired his blood. Slowly he made his way towards the long, dusty road.

To Be Continued.

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Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 85 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

KIND WORDS FROM READERS

Unsolicited Expressions of Good Will for the Weekly Blade.

I feel it my duty to express my appreciation of The Blade. I consider it one of the best weeklies published. My profession, that of a teacher, has led me to read many books, papers and magazines, but during a period of 20 years' research I have found nothing that equals The Blade for the money. I wish it could go into every American home, because it cannot be a regular visitor in a home without shedding its beneficient influences to every member of the household.—G. P. Scott, Logansport, Ky.

I have taken The Blade for several years, although I have never expressed my appreciation to the publishers. I value it above any newspaper I take. —C. L. Stooksberry, Fairmont, W. Va.

Quite a number of the members of our society are patrons of The Blade, and we all think well of it.—C. H. McDonald, Zephyr Hills, Fla.

I am a farmer of 53 and have lived in this neighborhood for 35 years. The Blade has come to our home for several years. I think it was a great improvement when the whisky advertisements were left out. Now it is a good clean paper.—Fred C. Smith, Maple Ridge, Mich.

Dear Old Blade—I commenced reading you about 50 years ago and haven't got tired of you yet.—James Rittenhouse, Grover, Pa.

I like The Blade better than any paper I know.—Anna Rhodes, Linton, Ind.

I have been taking The Blade for two years and enjoy reading its contents. I take several papers, some 12 or 15, but like none as well as The Blade.—W. R. Callahan, Glenvar, Va.

Mamma says she has read The Blade ever since she was a little girl. As for me, I can hardly wait till it comes each week.—Mildred Joy Baker, Morgantown, W. Va.

I have read the dear old Blade since I was a child. My father took it as far back as my memory reaches. I recall his having purchased a Blade sewing machine, the first one that came into our home. I was permitted to make him a shirt on that wonderful machine. I was a little girl then. I am 39 now.—Mrs. M. R. Grizzle, Darwin, Va.

My mother has been taking The Blade for three years. She loves it. —Tessie Ellis, of West Virginia.

My father has been taking The Blade for two years. I like it better than all the weekly papers that come to our home. We live on a farm southeast of Petoskey, Mich.—Jessie Wellman.

The doings and sayings of those old maids are a source of interest to me. I enjoy reading the M. G. R. letters. How many of the M. G. R.'s have been reading A Sleeping Memory? I have and I find it very interesting. —Shirley Blackmun, Travers City, Mich.

I am glad I am living and taking the Toledo Weekly Blade. I wish every United States soldier would take it. I am a veteran of Company E., Fifty-third Indiana Volunteers.—Jas. A. W. Norwood, Petersburg, Tenn.

We have taken The Blade for several years and would not part with it for anything. We live on a ranch.—Berna Hilliard, Goshen, Wash.

The Blade enters thousands of homes, but nowhere can it be more welcome than in my own humble home. We prize it as a friend and glean from its golden store bright gems of truth and honesty.—Nannie Ham, Kentucky.

My father has been a reader of The Blade five years, and he thinks there is no other weekly paper like it.—Fannie B. Price, Bellaire, Mich.

I am a little girl eight years of age. My grandfather has been a reader of your paper for 20 years, and he likes it so well that he sends it to me.—Katherine Norris, Chili, Ind.

My grandfather has been a subscriber of The Blade for more than 40 years, and now my papa takes it. It has been coming to our home for nearly three years. Mamma is as anxious to read it as sister and I.—Verna Whiteman, Clinton, Ill.

My mother read The Blade over 30 years ago, and when I was married she sent it to me for a year as a present. That was 16 years ago, and we are still taking it.—Mrs. D. K. Lucas, East Radford, Va.

I am fond of the dear old Blade. I never fail to have some one go to the mail box on Fridays. It is then The Blade arrives and from it I get some of the most interesting news I can find anywhere.—G. W. Pool, Beaver Dam, Ky.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will somebody tell me the best kind of paint to mix for a roof that has been painted before? I want something that will hold.—M., Siddinsburg, Pa.

I have lost three horses and have another one that is afflicted. The disease starts on the neck and flanks and at the root of the tail. They seem to suffer from itching and rub themselves on the trees. Finally they get weak in their hind parts and get down never to get up. Will somebody name the disease and give a remedy? I would also like to have a remedy for gapes in young chickens.—N., Marshall, Ill.

I would like to know how to prepare a mixture with which to spray tomatoes for blac krot and blight. Also when to spray.—M., Ophelia, W. Va.

Will someone kindly tell me the best time to plant cotton seed in Southern Illinois?—E., Mount Olive, Ill.

The feathers appear to break off the breast and back of my chickens, close to the skin. The skin is left very red and often bleeds. What is the matter?—D., Colby, Wis.

My horse has a cough and shows symptoms of heaves. He has difficulty in breathing. Will somebody give a remedy?—D., Wilmington, Ohio.

Somebody please give me advice with reference to my cow. She has a cough and the symptoms of a horse when it has the heaves. In other ways she seems to be in good health.—H., Henry, W. Va.

I would like to have information regarding the culture and marketing of broomcorn.—M., Coalton, Ohio.

TO TAR SEED CORN

C., New Lynn, Ohio: Tar your seed corn in the following manner: Place corn in a bucket and pour over it enough coal or pine tar to thoroughly cover every kernel, when mixed. Dry by mixing in sifted ashes or commercial fertilizer. It can then be drilled. Neither crows nor worms will touch the seed. I know of no way the sprouts could be protected.—R., Sugar Grove, Pa.

STRIPED BUGS

H. Gassaway, W. Va.: The striped bugs on melons and cucumbers may be killed by sifting charcoal dust, three or four times in succession, over the plants. Also by using a solution of a peck of hen manure to six quarts of water and sprinkle the plants freely after sunset.—D., Saxon, W. Va.

THE SMALL PIGS

We have been troubled with the same disease in small pigs as described by S., Boston, Ky. I believe it is due to lack of exercise and too much milk. Get sow and pigs out where they can run and dig in the earth, and reduce the feed of the sow. I have never found a cure for the pigs after they have been affected.—R., Sugar Grove, Pa.

INSECT FRIENDS

The question sometimes confronts the farmer which insects are his friends and which his enemies. Many times the farmer wages war on insects which really help him and without which crops could not be profitably grown.

Professor A. D. Graham, of the Ohio agricultural extension, has just issued a circular by which he hopes to assist the farmers in telling the difference between insect friends and enemies. Other stations are also taking up this important work.

The bumble bee is usually looked upon by the farmer as a nuisance if not an enemy. However, this insect is one of our most important friends. If we did not have it we would have no clover seed.

During the winter most of the bumble bee family die except the young females in more or less protected places. By June and July there are not enough young bumble bees to visit the clover blossoms, but by August that family has increased to such an extent, as every farm boy who has done fall plowing knows, that there are sufficient numbers to visit the clover heads and perform their important work.

These busy little fellows come to the clover head seeking the nectar which is far down in the long tube of the many little flowers making up the clover head. While pushing his long tongue down into this tube he rubs some of the pollen or flower dust off the stamens and as he withdraws from the tube this pollen is left on the top of the pistil. This process is called "fertilizing." The pistils that are properly fertilized develop a clover seed at their base.

With all the clovers, it is necessary that some insect visit them to fertilize them. The proboscis of the honey bee is so short that it cannot perform such work on the red clovers, but it can do this work very well on the white clover, where each little flower has a shorter tube. The honey bee performs such work when it visits the buckwheat flower and the bloom of watermelons and pumpkins.

If we will look at the cucumber, watermelon and pumpkin vines we will find that some of the flowers have stamens, others pitsils, and it may be that a flower containing both will be found. If the enlarged lower part of the pistil of any of these plants develops into fruit it is necessary that the pollen be carried from the stamens in one flower to the top of the pistil in another. The little insect visitors are the messengers that do this important work by carrying pollen on their bristles and rubbing against the top of the pistil.

During the winter time, when cucumbers are grown under glass, the pollen is carried from one flower to another by touching the stamens with a camel's hair brush and then lightly touching the pistil in another flower. During the warm days of spring the hothouse windows are raised that the bees may enter and do this work. Some unscrupulous melon growers have planted pumpkins near enough to their melon patch that the bees may carry the pollen from the pumpkin to the melon vine. The result has been that the watermelon has a firmer texture and will stand shipping better. Its good qualities are destroyed, and its value on the market lessened.

SACCHARIN IN FOOD

At the request of the secretary of agriculture, the referee board of consulting scientific experts has conducted an investigation as to the effect on health of the use of saccharin. The investigation has been concluded, and the referee board reports that the continued use of saccharin for a long time in quantities over three-tenths of a grain per day is liable to impair digestion; anud that the addition of saccharin as a substitute for cane sugar or other forms of sugar reduces the food value of the sweetened product and hence lowers its quality.

Saccharin has been used as a substitute for sugar in over 30 classes of foods in which sugar is commonly recognized as a normal and valuable ingredient. If the use of saccharin be continued it is evident that amounts of saccharin may readily be consumed which will, through continual use, produce digestive disturbances. In every food in which saccharin is used, some other sweetening agent known to be harmless to health can be substituted, and there is not even a pretense that saccharin is a necessity in the manufacture of food products. Under the food and drugs act articles of food are adulterated if they contain added poisonous or other added delecterious ingredients which may render them injurious to health. Articles of food are also adultorated within the meaning of the act if substances have been mixed and packed with the foods so as to reduce or lower or injuriously affect their quality or strength. The findings of the referee board show that saccharin in food is such an added poisonous or other added deleterious ingredient as is contemplated by the act, and also that the substitution of saccharin for sugar in foods reduces and lowers the quality.

The secretary of agriculture, therefore, will regard as adulterated under the food and drugs act foods containing saccharine which, on and after July 1, 1911, are manufactured or offered for sale in the District of Columbia or the territories, or shipped in interstate or foreign commerce, or offered for importation into the United States.

Spring Rain.

When I heard the lyric of the rain,
That echoed over valley, hill and plain,
And come low singing to my window pane.

I, who had longed these many days for spring,
For all the sudden ardor she could bring,
For all her blossoms and her burgeoning.

Cried in my heart, "I had forgotten this,
The little tempest and the heavenly kiss
Of rain upon young leaf and chrysalis;

"I had but dreamed of April and the sun,
And the white fragrance of new joys begun—
The miracle that tells of winter done;

"And the glad knowledge that heart-grief is o'er,
When the young grasses creep up to the door,
And the narcissus, hidden, sleeps no more;

"Yea, and of lovely violets that wake
Down by the river and the marshy brake,
Loving the world but for the poor world's sake;

"And of the apple blossoms clean and white,
That open like vague wonders in a night,
And luminate earth's garden with their light.

"Only of these my selfish soul had dreamed
When the bleak winter sunshine on me streamed,
And the cold northern star at midnight gleamed.

"Yet comes the rain—sad herald of the spring,
Softly and sadly in my heart to sing,
On this first day of April's wakening."

Lo! as I watched long rifts of sunlight came
Like ladders lowered from heaven, and a flame
Of matchless beauty filled my heart with shame.

And like a flash the tears of April went
Whither my grief and sorrow soon were sent,
And in my heart there bloomed one flower—Content.

For joy is watered by the tears of pain.
And after little purple gusts of rain,
How gold the sunshine and how sweet the plain.

—Youth's Companion.

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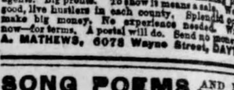
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What Grain Is Doing in the U. S.

Washington, May 9.—The acreage of winter wheat remaining to be harvested and condition of winter wheat and rye on May 1, by states, follows:

States.	Winter Wheat Acreage.	Rye Condition
Kansas	4,948,000	76
Indiana	2,698,000	90
Nebraska	2,665,000	88
Illinois	2,223,000	86
Missouri	2,195,000	92
Ohio	2,049,000	88
Pennsylvania	1,532,000	89
Texas	1,441,000	83
Oklahoma	1,128,000	67
Michigan	947,000	91
California	926,000	83
Tennessee	917,000	88
Virginia	796,000	89
Maryland	795,000	85
Kentucky	760,000	92
Washington	726,000	96
North Carolina	678,000	90
Oregon	530,000	94
South Carolina	494,000	85
New York	443,000	89
West Virginia	404,000	88
Idaho	377,000	96
Montana	336,000	98
Iowa	259,000	93
Georgia	258,000	91
Arkansas	213,000	88
Utah	164,000	92
Alabama	143,000	90
Colorado	121,000	85
Delaware	120,000	87
New Jersey	110,000	90
Wyoming	50,000	92
Wisconsin	71,000	88
Mississippi	9,000	85
Minnesota	...	..

Kentucky Commerce in War Times

Mount Sterling Advocate.

While looking through some old papers last week George W. Anderson, Sr., found an old permit granted him during the civil war. The permit was as follows:

Office Board Trade.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 25, 1864.

This is to certify that George W. Anderson, of Mt. Gomery county, state of Kentucky, has permission to ship merchandise of all kinds out of and into the state of Kentucky for four (4) months unless sooner revoked.

J. HARPER.

By order of Maj. Gen. Burbridge.

Mr. Anderson said he had driven a large number of hogs to Paris to be shipped, there being no railroad here at that time, but that upon arriving at Paris he found it impossible to ship without a permit. After three trips to Lexington he at last secured the above instrument. The paper is in a good state of preservation, the ink and printing being very distinct.

One to Go.

New York World.

Elocutionist—"Strike for your altars and your fires! Strike! Till the last armed foe——"

Fan—"Dat's two strikes, mister. One more an' yer out."

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on a Buggy by buying direct from us. Why pay the retail dealers enormous profits when you can buy direct from us and save BOTH the Wholesaler's and the Retailer's profits? We save you $35.00 on a Buggy, $60.00 on a Surrey, $40.00 on a Farm Wagon. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
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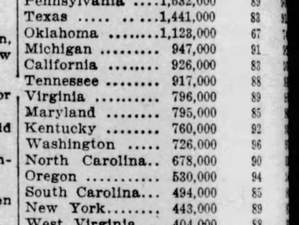
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PATENTS. "Facts inventors should know before applying for patent." Sent for 2 cent stamp. A. S. PATTISON, F. St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

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WANTED—Men and women to send for "The Road to Success," a book that points the way. Send stamp for postage, and address Desk 27, National Selfaid Service, Washington, D. C.

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SPECIAL every word of this. Our enlarged portrait Japanese pearl pictures are so beautiful and attractive orders are secured on sight. Something new. No experience necessary. Samples speak for themselves. We furnish sample outfit. Write for circular and information, we cannot give it here. Consolidated Manufacturing Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED—Agents; suit, watch and furniture sale organizers, to organize circle putting out $25 and $35 articles for $20, including men's made-to-order suits and overcoats, women's suits, diamonds, rings, watches, furniture and carpets, sewing machines, etc.; good salary and commission. Keystone Tailoring & Supply Co., Dept. 612 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

17 Acres $1,900.

Village Farm, Stock & Tools Included.

10 acres in level fertile fields producing large crops, 6 acres in timber, land well fenced, variety of fruit, 2¼-story stone house, large barn and other outbuildings all in good repair. Ideal place for poultry and truck located in pleasant village. Schools, churches, stores near. Aged owner cannot take care of place and if taken now will include horse, chickens, machinery, cow and buggy for only $1,900, part cash, balance on easy terms. For details of this and other tremendous farm bargains see page 73 of Strout's Farm Catalogue No. 34. Just out. Copy free. Station 105, E. A. Strout, Union Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less SOLDIERS' than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even HOMESTEADS though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

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When I Am Dead.

When I am dead, if men can say
He helped the world upon its way,
With all his faults of word and deed
Mankind did have some little need
Of what he gave"—then in my grave
No greater honor shall I crave.

If they can say—if they but can—
"He did his best, he played the man,
His ways were straight; his soul was clean;
His failings not unkind nor mean,
He loved his fellow-men, and tried
To help them"—I'll be satisfied.

But when I'm gone, if even one
Can weep because my life is done
And feel the world is something bare
Because I am no longer there;
Call me a knave; my life misspent—
No matter. I shall be content.
—E. C. W., in Westminster Gazette.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't' ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE

Please give the names of the men who have been speakers of the house of Representatives. C. B. S., Cutler, O.

The following are those who have held the position of speaker of the national house of representatives: F. A. Muhlenburg, Jonathan Trumbull, F. A. Muhlenberg, Jonathan Dayton, Theodore Sedwick, Nathaniel Macon, Joseph B. Varnum, Henry Clay, Langdon Cheves, Henry Clay, John W. Taylor, Philip P. Barboun, Henry Clay, John W. Taylor, Andrew Stevenson, John Bell, James K. Polk, R. M. T. Hunter, John White, John W. Jones, John W. Davis, Robert C. Winthrop, Howell Cobb, Linn Boyd, Nathaniel P. Banks, James L. Orr, William Pennington, Galusha A. Grow, Schuyler Colfax, James G. Blaine, Michael C. Kerr, Samuel J. Randall, Joseph W. Keifer, John G. Carlisle, Thomas B. Reed, Charles F. Crisp, Thomas B. Reed, David B. Henderson, Joseph G. Cannon, and Champ Clark. The above weren amed in the order of their terms.

EPHRAIM E. ELLSWORTH

Please give a short history of the life of Colonel Ellsworth, who commanded a regiment of Zouaves in the Civil War.—J. F. L., Whigville, O.

Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth, the American soldier, was born April 23, 1837, and died May 24, 1861. In 1859 he organized a zouave corps which became noted for the excellence of its disicpline. In March, 1861, Ellsworth accompanied Lincoln to Washington, and in April he went to New York, where he organized a zouave regiment of firemen, of which he became colonel. Ordered to Alexandria, Virginia, he lowered a Confederate flag floating over a hotel, for which act the hotelkeeper shot, killing him.

MEXICAN CLIMATE

I would like to have you tell me what you can about the climate of the Republic of Mexico.—E. H. F., Myrtle Point, Ore.

The climate of Mexico is from tropic to temperate. On account of the latitude there are three climatic levels known as the hot lands on the coast; the temperate lands, from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea; and the cold lands, 6,000 feet high. But these, except the steaming southern coast lands, are to some extent relative terms: "cold" meaning one thing on high ground at 32 degrees north, and quite another at 15 degrees. The hot lands have a mean temperature of about 80 degrees; and a summer heart often of 100 degrees; the southern cold ones rarely go below 20 degrees, and have a mean temperature of 60 degrees. In the Valley of Mexico, the "perpetual spring," the range is usually 65 to 70 degrees the year through. There is no true winter, but a rainy season from June to October; the dry one November to May. Malarial fevers are prevalent along the coast, and have been somewhat in the damp Valley of Mexico; but the great drainage tunnel finished in 1903 has much improved the sanitary conditions.

HOUSE OF LORDS

I would like to have you tell something about the composition of the British house of lords.—S. P. G., Ronneby, Minn.

The house of lords is composed of the lords spiritual and the lords temporal. All the peers were not originally entitled to a seat as a matter of right, but only those who were expressly summoned by the king. Every peerage of the United Kingdom which is conferred now gives the right of a seat in the house of lords. The number is indefinite, and may be increased at the pleasure of the crown, which, however, cannot deprive a peer of the dignity once bestowed. The upper house at present comprises about 580 members. By the act of union with Scotland, 16 representatives of the Scottish peerage are elected by the Scottish nobility for the duration of each parliament, and 23 are elected for life by the peers of Ireland.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS

Please give a sketch of the life of Oliver Optic.—R. A. D., Jasper, Mich.

William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic), the author, was born July 30, 1822, and died March 27, 1897. He attended the public schools of Boston and the private school of Abel Whitney in the same city. In 1838 the family moved to West Roxbury, Mass., where Adams made his first attempts at literary composition, his first piece being eight pages long, his second, twenty-five, and his third, eighty. In 1848 he was chosen principal of what is now the Harris School of Boston, and his experience as a teacher in that city lasted for about twenty years. He then resigned his position to visit Europe. He began to write for the young in 1850. In 867 he was elected a member of the school board of Dorchester (now Boston), Mass., receiving every vote but one in a ballot of 1,150, and that one was cost by himself. He was twice re-elected to the position. He has also served a term in the legislature of Massachusetts. In 1870 he made a second tour of Europe. Adams is best known by his juvenile stories, which have been legion in number—one authority giving that in 1887, as 1,000, exclusive of his volumes, which another authority gives as 62 in number. It may be doubted if his popularity as a writer of this sort of literature has been equaled, the aggregate sale of his writings having been estimated as over 1,000,000 volumes. A friendly critic declares that the elements of his popularity are to be found in his sympathy with young people, and with his long and intimate connection with the public schools, which gave him a thorough knowledge of child character and habits. At one time he had 1,200 scholars and 25 teachers under his immediate control. For twenty years he was a Sunday school teacher, and for ten years a Sunday school superintendent.

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WALLED LAKES OF IOWA

Please tell what you can through the Question Bureau about the walled lakes of Iowa.—H. H. B., La Belle, Mo.

A long the water sheds of Northern Iowa there are a great many small lakes, varying from half a mile to one mile in diameter. One of these in Wright county, and another in Sac county, have each received the name of "Walled Lake," on account of embankments that completely surround them. It has been generally supposed that these embankments were thrown up by ancient inhabitants of the country. They are from two to ten feet high, and from five to thirty feet in width. Some who have examined these, however, declare them to be the result of natural causes only, and ascribe them to the periodic action of ice, aided to some extent, by the force of the waves. The lakes are very shallow, and in winter they often freeze to the very bottom. The ice freezes fast to the earth below, and as in its expansion it acts in all directions, from center to circumference, a certain part of alluvial deposit is forced to the shore, and this going on from year to year, and from century to century, has created the natural embankment.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

Please tell what you can about Damon and Pythias.—A. W., Valois, N. Y.

Damon, a Senator of Syracuse, was by nature hot mettled, but was schooled by Pythagorean philosophy into a stoic coldness and slowness of speech. He was a fast friend of the Republic, and when Dionysius was made king by a vote of the Senate, Damon upraided the betrayers of his country, and pronounced Dionysius a tyrant. For this he was seized, and, as he tried to stab Dionysius, he was condemned to instant death. Damon now craved respite for four hours to bid farewell to his wife and child, but the request was denied him. On his way to execution his friend Pythias encountered him, and claimed permission of Dionysius to become his surety, and to die in his stead, if within four hours Damon did not return. Dionysius not only accepted the bail, but extended the leave to six hours. When Damon reached his country villa, Lucullus killed his horse to prevent his return; but Damon, seizing the horse of a chance traveler, reached Syracuse just as executioner was preparing to put Pythias to death. Dionysius so admired this proof of friendship, that he forgave Damon, and requested to be taken into his friendship. This subject was dramatized by Richard Edwards in 1571, and again in 1825, by John Banim. The classic name of Pythias is "Phinitias."

PAM TREES

I would like to have you give a description of palm trees.—D. M. G., Pierceton, Ind.

In general, palms are erect, unbranched trees with buttressed bases. Many attain heights of 100 feet, and at their summits they bear a rosette of large leaves, each resembling a large fan in some kinds and a feather in others. In some species the fanlike leaves exceed 40 feet in length and six feet in breadth; the leaves resembling feathers are 20 feet by four or more, without division. Some species of palms are branching; some are low growing, even creeping; others are slender stemmed plants which climb by means of hooked spines; some have flexible stems which extend from tree to tree in festoons, and attain several hundred feet, 500 being common, and some writers place the length at 1,500 and even more. In the ordinary species the flowers are borne in huge clusters. The fruits are mostly berries and drupes. They are enclosed in a fibrous husk and frequently contain a hard nut. The flowers, which are generally small, bear no relation in size to the fruit, which may be as small as a pea or, as in the double cocoanut, larger than a man's head.

EASTER

Please tell about the origin and celebration of Easter.—L. L., Williamson, Mich.

Easter is the Christian passover and festival of the resurrection of Christ. The English name is probably derived from that of the Teutonic goddess of spring, Ostera or Eostre, whose festival occurred in early spring.

Formerly the Jews celebrated Easter on the 14th day of the month of March. The Christians also celebrated it in the same month, but always on Sunday. Sometimes both Christians and Jews celebrated it the same day. This was thought un-Christian, and, therefore it was decided that Easter should be on the first Sunday after the paschal full moon (14th day of the calendar moon, or the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March.) If the full moon happens upon a Sunday then Easter day is the first Sunday following.

CALIFORNIA

Pease tell what you know about the sail and products of California, also what is the climate like?—B. F. C., Black Falls, Wis.

The climate of California varies throughout the state. Along the coast, especially in the southern part, it is usually mild. The long narrow shape of the state and its proximity to the ocean on one side and arid plains on the other and the high mountain ranges are the cause of a varied climate. In the vicinity of Los Angeles it is possible at times to take a sleigh ride within twelve miles of the city on one side (and looking down upon blossoming orange groves not five miles distant), and by an hour's ride, to bathe in the Pacific, which has here a winter temperature of 60 degrees. California has but two seasons, the wet and the dry. The winter, or rainy season is approximately from late October to late April, with 15 to 25 rainy days. For six months after May 1, rain is practically unknown, except showers in the high mountain ranges. In the high Sierras the winter precipitation takes the form of snow, with an annual fall of thirty to fifty feet, thus supplying the natural reservoirs which feed the streams, upon which irrigation from agriculture largely depends.

In the lower valleys of California there are alluvial soils. Along the foothills the soil is mostly gravel. These gravel beds are rich in all the elements of plant food. Some of the finest oranges and other citrus fruits come from this soil. Wheat, barley, wool, grapes and other fruit, wine, brandy, honey and timber are some of the important products of California.

MORGAN'S RAID

Will you please give an account of Morgan's raid in the Question Bureau?—E. C. H., Toronto, O.

In December, 1863, Longstreet, who had been conducting an active campaign in Tennessee, returned into Virginia, leaving the noted guerilla, Col. John H. Morgan, to carry on the struggle in East Tennessee. December 29 there was a fight between General Sturgis and Morgan—the latter having an army of about 6,000—near New Market, in which Morgan was defeated. In another fight January 16, 1864, Morgan made the attack and Sturgis was driven back to Strawberry Plains. Morgan lingered in East Tennessee until May, and late in that month, with a small band of men, he went over the mountains and raided through eastern Kentucky, plundering the wealthy districts as he went through. He captured several small towns, dashed into Lexington, burning the railway station and other property there, and hurried on to Frankfort. But General Burbridge was in pursuit, and came up with Morgan's men near Cynthiana, and in the fight which followed, Morgan lost 200 in killed and wounded, 400 prisoners, and 1,000 horses captured. Morgan now retreated into East Tennessee. In September he had his force at Greenville, and Morgan himself and his staff were at the house of a Mrs. Williams. General Gillem, with troops, surrounded the house, and Morgan was killed while trying to escape. His body was sent through the lines by a flag of truce, and was buried with imposing ceremonies, at Abingdon, Va.

U. S. PRESIDENTS

Please give a list of the presidents of the United States.—W. S. B., Milton, W. Va.

The following is the list of American presidents together with their age and politics at the time of their inauguration.

Washington, Federalist, was 67 years of age, resided in Mount Vernon, Va.; Adams, Federalist, was 61 years of age, resided in Quincy, Mass; Jefferson, Republican, was 57 years of age, resided in Monticella, Va.. Madison, Republican, was 57 years of age, resided in Monticello, Va.; Monroe, Republican, was 58 years of age, resided in Oak Hill, Va.; J. Q. Adams, Republican, was 57 years of age, resided in Quincy, Mass.; Jackson, Democrat, was 61 years of age, resided in Hermitage, Tenn.; Van Buren, Democrat, was 54 years of age, resided in Kinderhook, N. Y.; Harrison, Whig, 68 years of age, resided in North Bend, O.; Tyler, Democrat, 51 years of age, resided in Williamsburg, Va.; Polk, Democrat, 49 years of age, resided in Nashville, Tenn.; Taylor, Whig, 64 years of age, resided in Baton Rouge, La.; Fillmore, Whig, 50 years of age, resided in Buffalo, N. Y.; Pierce, Democrat, was 48 years of age, resided in Concord, N. H.; Buchanan, Democrat, was 65 years of age, resided in Wheatland, Pa.; Lincoln, Republican, was 52 years of age, resided in Springfield, Ill.; Johnson, Republican, was 56 years of age, resided in Greenville, Tenn.; Grant, Republican, was 46 years of age, resided in Washington. D. C.; Hayes, Republican, was 54 years of age, resided in Fremont, O.; Garfield, Republican, was 49 years of age, resided in Mentor, O; Arthur, Republican, was 50 years of age, resided in New York city. Cleveland, Democrat, was 47 years of age, resided in Buffalo, N. Y.; B. Harrison, Republican, was 55 years of age, resided in Indianapolis, Ind.; Cleveland, Democrat, was 56 years of age, resided in New York city. McKinley, Republican, was 53 years of age, resided in Canton, O.; Roosevelt, Republican, was 42 years of age, resided in Oyster Bay, N. Y., and Taft, Republican, was 52 years of age. His home is in Cincinnati, Ohio.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give me a sketch of the life of Robert G. Ingersoll.—C. W., E. Randolph, N. Y.

Robert Green Ingersoll, the American lawyer, lecturer and author, was born August 11, 1833, and died July 21, 1899. He received a common school education and was admitted to the bar in 1854. He soon became prominent in the courts and in Democratic politics. He recruited a regiment in the civil war and entered the army as colonel. In 1862 he was captured by some confederate, but was soon paroled and given command of a camp in St. Louis. He soon after resigned. After the war he became a Republican and was made attorney general of Illinois in 1866. Ingersoll was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1876 and placed in nomination for president James G. Blaine, whom he termed "the plumed knight." His nominating speech gave him national reputation as an orator, and he afterward lectured frequently. Ingersoll was an agnostic and in his lectures attacked the Bible and the beliefs of the Christian religion. He was prominent in politics for several years, and had he not given such frequnt expression to his agnostic views he would doubtless have been honored with high offices. He took up his permanent residence in New York city in 1882 and practiced law until his death. Ingersoll was not an infidel, but rather an agnostic.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. A. W., Lake View, Mich.—The executive offices of our island possessions are appointed by the president. The governors of New Mexico and Arizona are also appointed in the same way.

A. R. S., Lore City, O.—Your question was answered in the Bureau of March 9.

M. E. L., Sugar Branch, Ind.—Faye's comet was discovered January 22, 1881. It is supposed to appear about every seven and a half years.

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"HERE'S WHERE I START," SAYS COL. ROOSEVELT

Just where does Colonel Roosevelt stand? The question has been asked many times since the former President's return from Africa and in his speech making tours throughout the country. There have been the rumors that he is seeking a third term in the White House—there have been many other rumors also. However, all of them are answered this week in an interview by Henry Beach Needham, published in the Saturday Evening Post. There Colonel Roosevelt says plainly that he has had enough; he cares only now to say "Howdy" and "Thank you," and conclusively he says that he does not desire a third term. The interview touches upon many other phases of the life of our busiest man, also. For instance, there are the many charges that have been made against him and the questions of his exact position on many topics. And all of them are answered in the interview.

A man halted tentatively at the stateroom door and looked in—a big, blonde, outdoor chap The colonel jumped up and greeted him and drew him in. I found that he was a Rough Rider. With the fine, breezy familiarity of the old comrade in arms, he asked: "How about it, colonel? Will you carry the colors in nineteen twelve—if they hand them to you?"

There was a second of rather tense silence; then with a deliberation and earnestness, and a sincerity that could not be mistaken, the colonel said:

"I am not a candidate for the Presidency. And my real friends will do me a cruel injustice if they seek to make me such.

"Already, since my return from Europe, I have visited the middle west and the northwest. This spring I am going to make a trip to the southwest and to the Pacific coast. I feel under very great obligations to the American people; and now that I am out of the presidency and have nothing to ask from the people, I should like to visit each state, if possible, just say 'Howdy' and 'Thank you.'"

One cannot talk long with Colonel Roosevelt without stumbling on the science of government and the art of governing. Politics is second nature to him. I referred to his progressive speech at Osawatomie, Kas., coupling with it a criticism of the tariff plank in the Saratoga platform. Incidentally I reminded him of the charge made in the west, that he was guilty of inconsistency.

No Inconsistency.

"Inconsistency!" said the colonel, with a snap of his jaw. "Did you read the excerpts from my speeches which I printed in parallel columns in the Outlook? Do those speeches show inconsistency? Now, it's just as ridiculous to attribute to me the tariff plank adopted at Saratoga as to hold me responsible for the judiciary plank put into the Kansas platform after my speech at Osawatomie. Of the 1,015 delegates at the Saratoga convention, perhaps not more than 15, certainly less than 100, were real supporters of mine. Take the committee on resolutions. In their first draft of the platform there was a mild tribute to me, which welcomed me back to public life as the exponent of honesty, but the committee finally struck this out—a majority wouldn't stand for it. They were determined to keep out of the platform any illusion to me personally. This by itself shows the utter absurdity of thinking I could influence them on the tariff. I hadn't it in my power, as they knew, to reward a human being or to punish a human being. Not one man who voted for me at Saratoga had anything to expect from me for his support.

As to Reciprocity.

From post-mortems we turned to a consideration of the questions of the day. "You came out strong for Canadian reciprocity, colonel."

"Yes; I'm heartily in favor of it. I feel that the country is to be congratulated upon the probability of obtaining a closer reciprocity of tariff and trade relations with Canada. Among all the powers of the earth there is none with which we should desire to be upon a more intimate footing of equal rights, or to which we should be more closely bound in relations of mutual helpfulness, esteem and good will than our great neighbor to the north, whose prosperity and growth should be a matter of pride to all who dwell on the American continent. So, in addition to the trade advantages that will result to the United States and Canada, I welcome the proposed reciprocity treaty as marking a signal advance in bringing about the most friendly relations between the two countries."

We then talked about the proposals of the National Progressive Republican league.

"In principle," said the colonel, with the emphasis indicated, "I assent to it. But certain of the proposals are merely devices—a means and not an end. The end is good government founded on genuine popular rule. The value of each device must be tested squarely from this standpoint: Does it or does it not secure this popular rule?

"In my judgment," continued the colonel, "the constitution should be so amended as to provide for the direct election of United States senators by the people. I believe, also, that there should be direct elections of delegates to national conventions. This would give every voter the opportunity to express his party preference for President and vice president. Of course, the delegate must be permitted to exercise his own judgment if it becomes apparent that the first or second choice of his constituents cannot be nominated by the convention. This change in party practice would make more difficult the control of delegates through the use of patronage."

The charge that he is a "menace to prosperity" has been brought so often against Colonel Roosevelt that he has come to regard it philosophically. Pointing to a policeman on duty at the station where our train was standing, the colonel said:

"I'm an enemy of prosperity in just the same sense that that officer out there is a menace to prosperity when he gets his grip on a burglar who is running off with somebody's spoons. Necessarily he interferes with the prosperity of the burglar; if he ever runs for office he won't get the burglar vote. Nevertheless, he is a friend of the honest man. In denouncing crookedness in business I have always drawn a clear distinction between the dishonest man in business—the man who accepts rebates, bribes legislators and defrauds the government—and the man who, asking no favors of anyone, is honestly engaged in the upbuilding of some commercial undertaking.

CHAMP CLARK NOT SLANGY, BUT BLUNT AS JOE CANNON

Champ Clark, who succeeds "Uncle Joe" Cannon as speaker of the house, bids fair to become as picturesque a national character as has the sage of Danville. Clark is a man of profound learning, but of homely saying. He doesn't use slang—it isn't exactly that—but when the Honorable Champ Clark, of Missouri, gets stirred up something to the point is bound to be said; and it generally covers the case in most direct and blunt fashion.

Following Mr. Clark's casual remark that he would like to see Canada annexed, Mr. Bennet, of New York, a Republican, sprang into the limelight by introducing a resolution to annex Canada to the United States. Clark was asked what he thought about it.

"Not a word. It's none of my kettle of fish. Let him introduce what he pleases," drawled the Missourian, as he resumed reading a paper.

Recently the prospective speaker announced that he would hold an examination for aspiring young men who wanted to become committee stenographers of the house. A man who presumed to have some claim upon Clark by reason of an acquaintance begun when Clark wasn't so famous, walked into his office, and said:

"I've got a young fellow, Joe Blank—you know him—who wants a committee job. He's a good stenographer."

"Is he a Democrat?" demanded Mr. Clark, right off the bat.

"Yes, I think he is," responded the friend.

"Well, if he's a Democrat you can bring him along to stand the test. If he isn't a Democrat you needn't come around at all."

The inquirer backed out of the door, declaring that he would ascertain "for certain" what the young aspirant's political affiliations might be.

"If I am ever elected speaker I will be content to ride down Pennsylvania avenue behind a pair of Missouri mules," rashly said Mr. Clark about two years ago, when he was opposing an appropriation for an automobile for the speaker of the house. Then along came the Democratic landslide, and Champ Clark's sudden elevation to that very position.

Everybody revived the mule story. Mr. Clark was besieged to know if he would "make good." Mule dealers annoyed him with offers. One fellow was especially persistent, so the story goes, and he insisted that Mr. Clark ought to purchase two specimens reserved for him.

"Dear sir," wrote Mr. Clark, at last, "I am not in the mule business."

Since then Mr. Clark has reneged on his promise to ride down the avenue behind a pair of the lowly animals. Mr. Clark doesn't think that it would be exactly dignified, but up to this time he has declined to take out of the garage the automobile which goes with the speaker's office. It's a $6,000 beaut, too.

Not many persons know that one of Mr. Clark's secretaries can imitate his signature so perfectly that it fools the autograph fiends. The Democratic leader in the house receives countless requests for his autograph. Whenever possible he supplies them personally, but if this secretary chooses to sign for him, Mr. Clark himself can hardly tell the difference.

Here's another homely saying that Mr. Clark shot across the aisles one day near the close of the last session, when the Republicans soon to go out of power were chiding the Democrats about an alleged broken campaign promise:

"Any more of that kind of gaff, and you'll not pass this bill at all," shouted Mr. Clark, and the threat worked. The talkative Republicans suddenly shut off the flow of "gaff."

Courage.

—Celia Thaxter.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay,
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each, one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gift; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

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Lonesome	Why Don't You Try	I've got Rings on My Fingers
Pony Boy	Are You Coming Out Tonight	My Wife's Gone to the Country
Navajo	Down in Jungle Town	That's How I Love You, Mama
Tipperanoo	Don't Take Me Home	In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree
Any Rags	Puton Your Old Gray Bonnet	When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget
Bedella	Carrie Marry Harry	'Neath the Old Cherry Tree, Sweet Marie
Hiawatha	Give My Regards to Broadway	The Mesmerizing Mandolin Tune
Honey Boy	A Little Boy, Called Taps	Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon
Red Wing	Down in the Brandywine	Put Your Foot on the Soft Pedal
Dreaming	Yankee Doodle Boy	Any Little Girl that's a Nice Little Girl
Opalalla	Bye, Bye Dearie	By the Light of the Silvery Moon
I Love It	Under the Yum Yum Tree	Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love?
Dublin Bar	Some of These Days	Every Girl I Get the Other Fellow Steals
Stop, Stop, Stop	Every Little Movement	Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Grizzly Bear	Anybody Here Seen Kelly	I'd Rather Say Hello than Say Goodbye
It's You Pal	Mandy How Do You Do	
Sweet Italian Love		
My Mariuccia		
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Beautiful Eyes		
I Remember You		
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Holes in the Air.

"Learning How to Fly" is Augustus Post's contribution to the May Outing. He tells what to do and what not to do. Of one of the dangers he says:

"A great deal has been said of the newspapers about 'holes in the air,' but there is no such thing; holes do not exist in the atmosphere. It is a fact, however, that you encounter rising and falling currents about as often as those which blow in a horizontal plane.

"When an aeroplane enters one these descending currents, the wings are blown down precipitately, on account of their large surface, giving the sensation of falling in a vacuum. The machine descends so rapidly that it is necessary to strap the aviator in his seat, as the machine would otherwise leave him sitting on nothing and he would have no solid purchase to enable him to operate his controls, for you do not seem to start to fall, when this occurs, as quickly as the machine is blown down by the wind."

Baking for an Army.

No feature of the United States maneuver camp at San Antonio has attracted more attention than the division bakery. The bakery can turn out 20,000 two-pound loaves daily, and is at present delivering about half that quantity, and it is good bread.

This is the first time that the bakery has been called upon to feed a division of regulars, and it is performing the task without half trying. Capt. L. R. Holbrook, of the Fifth cavalry, and Commissary Sergeant Pat Dunne invented the bakery and patterned it, and let the war department have the use of it for nothing.

Ovens and accessories are designed to fit into one wagon without exceeding the 6,000 pound limit. The ovens are built of sheet iron and asbestos. Certain parts of the ovens are collapsible and, with other accessories, may be packed within the actual baking chambers.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Little Things Count

A two-cent postage stamp is a small thing, but it may mean much when put to good use. It can be made to count. It will put the reader in communication with the men who advertise in The Blade and may open the way to a big opportunity. Be on the alert for the chance that the advertisements are likely to give you.

BLADE WATCH PREMIUMS.

C. E. Gardner of Knox, Pa., won The Blade watch premium for the month of April. Mr. Gardner sent in a club of 90 names.

Bully for dear old dad! He's going to have a father's day.

A bald head never seems to worry the man who has a sense of humor.

Many a politician changes his mind after he sees his interview in print.

President Taft doesn't dislike a Democrat if he is all right otherwise.

After college professors reach a certain age they don't seem to care what they say about women.

It is safest not to abuse capital until you know what your rich uncle is going to leave you in his will.

Jim Jeffries has announced that he will never fight again. Can you blame him?

About the only time the women are good listeners is when the preacher is talking.

The man who declares that he never made a mistake in his life has a poor memory.

Victor Berger, the lone Socialist in congress, may want to abolish the Potomac river next.

A bit of bronze, accompanied by a thousand dollars in cash, makes a pretty hero medal.

Aside from the fact that she raised Cain there is nothing to show that Eve was a suffragette.

The new Sultan of Turkey is said to be tired of ruling. Hang him on the spot—he's no patriot.

It takes two to make a war, as President Taft says, but it isn't necessary that they be married.

It may not be possible to abolish the hat pin, but its stinger should be removed for the safety of mankind.

When used by a three-hundred pound man, like President Taft, the word "bosh" expresses a lot of disgust.

By resigning Senator Lorimer could rebuke the legislature that elected him, but probably he isn't big enough for that.

A Harvard professor says women are near the savage state. It would be interesting to hear the other side of the story.

Boston babies are wearing cards which read: "Please do not kiss me." Move to amend by adding: "Wait till I grow up."

After a man has reached 40 the months slip away in record time, even if he doesn't happen to have a note coming due.

We don't suppose the jeweled anklet will look much worse than the old-fashioned ear rings Aunt Tobitha used to wear.

Military authorities in Muscatine, Iowa, have decided that three people make a crowd. This, we believe, confirms tradition.

The world's greatest cosmogonist declares that Mars is not inhabited. Let us hope that this question never gets into politics.

A Hercules statue, 22 centuries old, has been resurrected in London. Purists may be shocked to learn that it was undraped when found.

Henry Alirenshoersterbaeumer is the name of a man who lives in Missouri. We suppose his friends call him Hank Alirenshoersterbaeumer for short.

"Uncle Sam produced enough oil last year to fill a barrel 1,500 feet high and 975 feet in diameter." But of course, no such barrel as that was ever made.

One man gave a fortune teller $315 for the information that he could find a treasure by digging in his back lot. He didn't find the treasure, but he got a lot of exercise.

Mayor Gaynor has endorsed whiskers and the Indiana friends of Senator Kern have mentioned him as a presidential candidate. Under the Declaration of Independence everybody is entitled to his own opinion.

THE MEN AFFECTED.

The Trades Assembly of Fort Worth, Tex., has issued the following statement in regard to the arrest of union men charged with dynamiting the Los Angeles Times building:

The case is in the hands of the courts for settlement, and at this distance we cannot tell what the facts are. No matter how strong our sympathies might be for McNamara and his assistants, any action on our part could not and should not affect the situation.

Whoever is guilty of causing the Times explosion should be hanged if captured and convicted. We see no reason why the courts cannot develop the truth of McNamara's innocence or guilt, and we see no reason for meddling in the matter.

If the prisoners are innocent they will be vindicated, and labor unions should not try to block procedure of the courts from getting at the truth. It is as much to our interests as any other case.

The first flush of indignation over, the way in which the arrests were made in Indianapolis will be followed in the minds of union men by some such view as that taken by their fellows in Texas. The men accused are assured of a fair trial. It is not for them to prove their innocence, but for their accusers to prove their guilt. If vindicated, it will be with triumph. If found guilty, it will mean no more to the cause of trade unionism than did the conviction of Banker Morse mean that all capital, all finance, was criminal. Whatever action the jury in California takes, it will affect only individuals, not causes, classes or organizations.

A CONTRAST.

The American consul at Nantes, in France, reports that only nine fires occurred in that city in 1909. The loss amounted to $32,676. The expense of maintaining the fire department was $19,823.

Nantes has a population of 161,908. Contrast its fire statistics with those of Toledo, a city not very much larger:

There were 612 alarms in this city in 1909, being 262 fewer than in 1908.

The loss was $272,159.

The cost of the fire department was $130,004, the department having, however, more than $4,000 more to spend out of its appropriations.

The striking differences in the statistics are due not to any greater efficiency in fire-fighting in Nantes than here, nor to any greater care which individuals take to guard against fire. They are due to better building.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR JUDGES.

A circuit court judge, sitting in Campbellsville, Ky., directed the attention of the grand jury to the importance of enforcing the laws for the protection of birds. He showed the value that the birds were to agricultural interests and how much harm their ruthless destruction has brought about.

The courts have an opportunity to do an immense amount of good in this way. The trouble about the curse of bird slaughter does not lie in the weakness of the law, but that few persons think it worth while to enforce the law. Township officers seldom make an arrest. Farmers hesitate to interfere with hunters in spite of the fact that they put up warning signs and inform the shooters what they will do with them in case they're caught. The same indifference and tolerance make the fishing laws null and void.

If the courts will show a disposition to make cases against those who cost the American farmers some millions of dollars a year, the song-bird will have a chance and the increasing destruction wrought by insects to growing crops will be stayed and some day reduced to a minimum.

MORE CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE

Premier Laurier's determination not to attend the coronation ceremonies of King George is, in every likelihood, based upon other considerations than that made public at Ottawa—the need of pressing the reciprocity treaty with the United States.

Canada has been more assertive of its independence than any other of the British colonies. The ties with the old country are more lax, less binding. Generations have grown up which never speak of England as "home," as people do in Australia and New Zealand. One province, and that from which Laurier came, is jealous of its language, is opposed to English school systems or educational ideas, determined to maintain its local laws and customs and to respect its traditions above anything British.

It is to be suspected that London will interpret Laurier's assertion that he will remain at home during the coronation as another expression from Canada that she can stand upon her own feet, that she owes nothing of tribute to the United Kingdom and that the allegiance she pays is merely formal. If there is to be bowing and scraping, kissing the hems of royal garments and other marks of subserviency, the lord lieutenant can do it. But the lord lieutenant is a figurehead, without power, only a uniform and a symbol. London, which has been sensitive about colonial assertiveness of late, will see the point. And—of course—John Bull will grow red in the face and bluster in his usual stupid and silly way.

THE BIGGER HOUSE.

The national house of representatives is bulky. It is unwieldy. It suffers from an overproduction of representation. Such rules as Speaker Reed gave force to were made necessary because the number of members was so great and the political division between them so small that, lacking the rigid and arbitrary rules, the house had been a bearpit every day of the session instead of merely occasionally. It was the bulkiness of the house which gave Speaker Cannon his chief excuse for maintaining the Reed rules and employing them to the disadvantage of progressive legislation and independent congressmen. If the story is true that Speaker Clark has worn out four gavels so far in the extraordinary session, it is becuse the house, being so large, is more like a mob than a deliberative body.

Yet the house of representatives has voted to increase its membership from 391 to 433 members—an addition of 42 to the crowd. Knowing that there were too many of them, the congressmen have taken a course not toward rectifying the difficulties of legislation but toward increasing them. They have drawn an annual salary bill of more than $300,000 against Uncle Sam, not to mention the bills for mileage, offices, clerks, postal franks, pen-knives, bath attendants, pages, doorkeepers, envelopes, scissors and other forms of graft more or less expensive.

What do the congressmen gain? Some of them political advantage, others relief from the menacing enmity of hungry office-seekers in their home states. What does the country gain? Probably more mob legislation.

A FAIR TRIAL ASSURED.

No trial will be conducted with more publicity, more care, less prejudice, fewer attempts at "railroading," than the trial of the union men, speeded with so much display of haste and apparent unfairness to Los Angeles.

For in every important case, every step of which is watched and every word of which is noted, it is not the defendants alone who are on trial. The judge cannot waver a hairsbreadth from exact justice without danger to himself. The maneuvers of each lawyer must not only pass the review of the bench, but of the people also. The jurymen, selected as they will be after careful gleaning, will feel when the case is handed to them for the final judgment that their action must coincide with the broad common sense of the American majority.

Guilty or not guilty, the defendants will get a fair trial.

RULED BY AN OLD LAW.

The United Metals Selling company is the marketing agent of the Amalgamated Copper company. It presumes to fix the price of copper for the country—which it does by the simple trick of making the price conform to the law of supply and demand.

The United Metals company recently made a quarter-cent reduction in copper, bringing it to 12¼ cents a pound, not a great reduction from the price of a week ago, but far below that of the flush times before the panic of 1907. But while copper has come down as demand has fallen off, the price of steel rails remains, as if immutably, at $28 a ton. There is no cut or promise of one. The United States Steel corporation fixed that point and it hasn't varied it in many years.

The Amalgamated Copper company, and therefore the United Metals Selling company, are intimately entwined with the history and management of the Standard Oil company. Amalgamated would like to be a trust if it could. The Standard Oil company is not philanthropic until after the interest comes in too fast to be handled comfortably. But the United Metals company cannot control the independent producers. It can only move in conformity to their willingness to sell, gently attempting to lead them, but not, as in the case of the Steel trust, dictating to them.

The trust represents economic evolution. The principle of it cannot be crushed by law-making or by court. This is generally conceded now. But it can be regulated, it can be restricted and guided by federal and state government. The new and enlightened legislation will not spear uselessly at windmills with prohibition of capitalistic combination. It will bring monopoly and the law of supply and demand into complete harmony.

CUMMINS FOR THE ALDRICH PLAN.

The opposition to the Aldrich currency reform suggestions has not lacked fervor. As Aldrich has had no standing in popularity and as his name has been associated with the special-interest side of public affairs, it was natural to assume that his plans were bad, crooked and stuffed with sinister threats to the peace and happiness of the simpler and more honest of the voters. It was easier also to say that than to take the trouble to read the scheme or attempt to understand it.

Senator Cummins' declaration that the Aldrich reforms were admirable, promises to be very confusing in the situation. It is going to be a bit hard to say anything good about Aldrich, and to say anything bad about his banking organization plans is to hit Sentor Cummins, leader of the anti-Aldrich faction in the United States senate.

Aldrich, as he was about to depart from Washington, said he wished the monetary reform to be his monument. Men do not pick soft sandstone for their tombstones. They choose granite. So it is likely to prove that the Aldrich plans, even though devised and sanctioned by the most unpopular of the old-school politicians, are strong and sound.

NEW BACONIAN EVIDENCE.

Bacon murdered Shakespeare. Didn't you know that? It is astounding how deep and vast is the well of ignorance!

An American, pursuing a new cryptogram revealed to him in the works of Shakespeare, has found many interesting facts, namely, that Bacon wrote the plays and poems, that he killed, or caused to be killed, the actor who posed as the author, that he threw the head of Shakespeare into the river Wye at an indicated spot, together with divers documents and proofs enclosed in a water-tight chest. This American is conducting hydraulic operations now and counts upon recovering the chest, the skull and papers. Whereupon the controversy, which bade fair to be more immortal than the bard, will be settled and there will be fame and medals and honors distributed. So he thinks.

Surely this new phase of the Shakespeare-Bacon question should be welcomed. It presents a pleasantly grewsome side utterly lacking in the older forms of the discussion. And when the chest, struck by the sounding rod, is brought to the surface and found to be a piece of bridge or wharf piling, we trust that the literary world will not cease to manufacture evidence in the case. Lord Bacon had a sort of universal curiosity. Maybe he had Shakespeare dissected and articulated and hung the bones in a family closet. Let some one recover the skeleton. Perhaps Bacon had the truth of the authorship incorporated in the gospels revealed to Joseph Smith. A literary light ought to search the Mormon extension of the Bible for a Baconian cipher.

The surface of invention in this case has only been scratched. There is no end of opportunity. Let every Shakespearean scholar take his spade in hand and proceed to dig diligently.

HAITING THE DESPOILER.

The aspect of Kent in England is that of a park minus the evidence of parking. It is a landscape garden which just happened under fortuitous circumstances to develop wholesome beauty and picturesqueness without intention and conscious planning. No section of the same area in the world more nearly gives the stranger the impression of perfection.

But the beauty of Kent is threatened. Coal has at last risen in price to the point where the thin veins of the county can be worked at a profit. The land that fascinates the traveler by its sweetness and softness may be torn, stripped, hideously disfigured with black shaft-houses, refuse heaps and the repulsive rows of tenements which coal companies have a fiendish delight in building. Yet England so prizes her handsome county that a public movement is on foot which purposes forcing the collieries to plant screening groves about their mines, to lay out clean and sanitary villages and forbear from defiling nature with files of shacks and shanties.

Maybe some day public opinion in this country may be strong enough and willing enough to compel industry to treat its surroundings as possessions worth preserving instead of property on which to exercise a taste for havoc and pollution.

WHY IS A PARIS MOB?

A tourist in Paris, attracted to the scene of a riot, was astonished to see an American acquaintance, an art student, in the midst of the disturbance and attracting a tremendous amount of admiration because, having an arm trained by baseball, he could throw a stone farther and more effectively than his fellows of the mob. The tourist plowed through the crowd to the side of his friend.

"What's it all about?" he shouted above the din.

"Blessed if I know. Get back. You're standing on the handiest cobble-stones in the street."

It is to be gathered from the dispatches that Parisian riots, for the most part, are merely little excursions—joyous events with vague origins and entered into by persons who don't know and don't care a rap what they are all about. The inexplicable thing is that Paris ever lays a cobble pavement or establishes a street fixture that weighs less than a ton.

BETWEEN GRAFTERS.

A man who turned state's evidence at the trial of grafters in Pittsburg said that once he distributed a bribery fund in the division of which each councilmanic crook was to get $83.10. When he handed one man $83 and turned away, the fellow shouted:

"Here, where's that dime that's comin' to me?"

The interesting detail is brought out at Columbus that the distributing agent did not play fair with his comrades. He not only took a commission which might be considered just in such transactions, but, with opportunity, sundry and divers bank notes besides. There was no honor worth the mentioning among these thieves.

When the full story comes out we wonder if it will not be chronicled that some indignant legislator whined:

"Here, where's my ten-cent piece?"

ON GOVERNMENT BY SUSPICION.

Only a small percentage of the banks have ever had to deal with a scandal within their doors. Commercial establishments have been conducted for years and never been troubled by thefts on the part of officers or employes. The founders of industries proceed with their plans without ever giving thought to guarding themselves against dishonest workmen. It is a thing which occurs too rarely to be taken into account. It is a factor exceedingly remote.

How long must it be before this lesson of private enterprise is learned and made applicable to governmental processes?

The tendency of present-day legislation and agitation for legislation all involves the unspoken assumption that dishonest and incompetent men are inevitably the ones to carry elections. The initiative is for a people who must philosophically take it for granted that their representatives will not represent them. Therefore, means must be provided for setting the machinery of lawmaking at work, the law-makers, duly elected, being unfit or unwilling to do so. The referendum is an instrument for passing upon the work of a servant whom we do not trust or whom we consider a fool. He is hired for a well defined purpose, but, feeling that he will not recognize the purpose, that he will bungle the job or sell his master's goods upon the first chance, we insist that whatever he does for us and in our name shall be referred back to us for our approval or disapproval. The recall is a provision for removing from office a man in whom the electors are disappointed, find crooked or incompetent. The one who may take his place may be recalled just as swiftly if he should fail to keep in harmony with the vagrant winds of public opinion.

These checks and balances but render government more cumbersome. They weigh it down. They are set forth as barriers to wrong-doing and prove but burdens. Their warmest and loudest advocates don't pretend that they are perfect remedies. They but say the checks and balances assure that the employer shall not lose the power and the property he has placed in his servants' hands upon election day.

Consider the state a financial house, a department store, a manufacturing plant, would fall into that put these forms into its set of rules to govern officers and workpeople! The private concern which would choose an employe with the ill-concealed assumption that he was a knave and an idiot, would have but knaves and idiots working for it. For no honest and self-respecting person would work for such a house.

The scandal at Columbus will, without doubt, bring about a noisier agitation in Ohio for the initiative, the referendum and the recall. But to what avail? A prospect may be offered for maintaining a check upon a public servant, for balancing his services upon the scales of public opinion, for yanking him out of office in disgrace if he prove indolent, ignorant, thievish or incapable of suiting the views of a sufficient number of voters. And all this is to ignore the cure of a disease, the symptoms of which the initiative, the referendum, the recall and the multitudinous inspection laws potter with. That disease is the failure to elect the right kind of men at the polls. If there are checks and balances of the sort needed in our governmental system they are needed at the polls—vitally needed.

Let the electorate assume the proper initiative of selecting decent and competent men. Let it refer to its own responsibility and duty. Then there will be no requirement for increasing the checks and balances of government, nor the assumption that every man we will have put into office is necessarily a dunce and a porch-climber.

SLOW RISING MEXICO.

The vast change which has taken place in the republic of Mexico in the course of the Diazian dynasty is no better illustrated than by the slowness with which the present revolution has spread.

Between the declaration of independence from vassalage to Spain and the advent of Diaz there were innumerable rebellions. The country was never at peace. One revolution stepped upon the heel of another. A president who held power over lower Mexico might have no recognition in northern and western districts. Warfare was chronic. The smoke of burning homes blew constantly in the winds of some part of the land and the city which would acknowledge allegiance to one faction in the morning would turn out in the evening to welcome with music and banners the invading host of a conquering faction. The romance of Mexico in that period was the black romance of anarchy.

The Madero revolution has now been running for several months. It has not absolutely blocked trade. Only in an appreciable way has it interrupted intercourse or interfered with transportation and the delivery of the mails. Foreigners have come and gone and some have reported that they beheld no signs of civil war. But at last all Mexico is stirring. Dispatches tell of risings throughout the republic. The federal army finds itself unable to attend to the disturbances, so numerous are they. Americans have been warned to speed to safety across the Rio Grande.

Whatever kind of rule it was that Diaz gave Mexico, good as compared with the old days, bad as judged by our standards, he did make his nation reluctant to take up arms, slow to emphasize political convictions with the punctuations of gunpowder.

POLITICS UNDER SOCIALISM.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly, betraying no hostility to the general principles of Socialism, yet sounds a warning of what might be counted upon in this country should the Socialist party, in the present low stage of political morals, rise to power:

> The keen-scented fortune hunters and professional experts of politics would already have swarmed to it from old parties; would have wormed themselves into its councils and perfected its "organization," with a full equipment of the most improved "machines." Then the nationalizing and the municipalizing of productive industries and the taking over of capital from private to collective ownership would begin. Some Croker or Murphy would be found to boss the management of the operation in New York, some Quay in Pennsylvania, some Gorman in Maryland, and so on throughout the land.

How trivial the pickings of the "Black Horse Cavalry" as compared with what might be when privately owned land would be in course of transfer to state ownership, when industry would be coming under collective possession, when the power of public officialdom would be coming under collective possession, when the power of public officialdom would be infinitely greater than today!

At least one Socialist author of note has foreseen this threat. He has plead for the slower processes, the gradual education, the preparation of human nature to accept Socialism upon a wholly unselfish basis of brotherhood. "Socialism, the politicians declare, can only be realized through politics," he wrote. "Socialism, I would answer, can never be narrowed down to politics." But against the prophets are those who demand immediate social revolution—and in the Socialist party they number thousands to the constructivists one.

Dr. Dodson, whoever he is, says "kissing is a detestable practice." Well, we wouldn't recommend it as a practice, but some folks have found it all right as a relaxation.

A Massachusetts girl got three licenses to marry three different men in as many days. We would be almost willing to bet that she couldn't keep it up for 30 days.

Vermont is going to spend $5,000 for advertising purposes. The tombstones and maple syrup the state sends out don't seem to do the business.

It doesn't do much good to tell a man who has a bunion on one foot and a corn on the other to put his best foot forward.

Sunday School

THE NATION'S GREATEST NEED

International Sunday School Lesson for May 14 Is, "Isaiah's Vision and Call to Service." Isaiah 6.

By William T. Ellis.

The international discussion of reciprocity, the fortification of the Panama canal, the coronation of a king—these may seem to be important and influential events of an age; but they are of far less importance to history than the unseen and unsuspecting impulses that are shaping the soul of some great man. The forces that made a Napoleon, a Browning, a Lincoln, a Tennyson, a Kipling, have a far greater effect upon the history of the human race than any of the book-filling events that loom so large in the public eye. The stupendous gift of millions of dollars for public objects (by men who do not know how else to use them) actually count for less than the unheralded gift of himself to human welfare by some unsuspected man or woman who is to be a great prophet or a great deliverer. The lesson committee has done well to make this majestic story of the self-dedication of Isaiah the basis of a study in present-day patriotism, or home missions.

The man who writes and the man who speaks, may, if his message is great enough, and greatly delivered, rank above all the kings of his time. Thus Isaiah is deservedly better known to posterity than any of Israel's kings, except David and Solomon. We read that he lived in the reign of king Uzziah; it would be a fairer record to say that King Uzziah lived in the time of Isaiah; just as we may properly say that Queen Elizabeth reigned in the time of Shakespeare. What is a mere king or office-holder or man of great wealth, alongside of the prophet whose lips have been touched by the Divine fire? In all respect and honor to the memory of that great peacemaker, King Edward, we may yet admit that posterity will probably recall his reign as sychronising with some of the greatest productions of Britain's poet of empire, Rudyard Kipling. This last illustration is particularly appropriate to the lesson, because of the fundamentally religious character of Kipling's message of patriotism.

The Call of the Hour.

The day's papers are full of news concerning dreadnaughts and armies and airships and national defence and international alliances. But these do not touch the vital need of the hour. Our call is for prophet-patriots, men who, in the clear speech of the present day, will summon their fellows to their real destiny. Our time is sadly destitute of inspired oracles who can play upon the hearts of the people, the hearts that are so quick to give forth the divine music of noble life, under the master touch. This sense of our day's need for a fresh message is vigorously put by John Neihardt, in his poem, "O Lyric Master:"

"Out of the great wise silence, brooding and latent so long,
Burst on the world, O Master—sing us the big man-sing!

"Have we not piled up cities, gutted the iron hills,
Schooled with our dream the lightning and steam, giving them thoughts and wills?

"Breathless we halt in our labor; shout us a song to cheer;
Something that's swift as a saber; keen for the mark as a spear;

"Full of the echoes of battle—souls crying up from the dust!
Hungry, we have cried to our singers—our singers have flung us a crust!

"Choked with the smoke of the battle, staggering, weary with blows,
We cried for a goblet of music; they flung us the dew of a rose!

"Gewgaw goblets they gave us, jeweled and polished and fine,
And filled with the tears of a weakling; O God! for a gourda—nd wine!

"O big, wise Lyric Master, you who have seen us build,
Moulding the mud with our tears and blood into the thing we willed—

"Soon shall your brooding be over, the dream shall be ripened, and then
Thunderous out of the silence—hurl us the song of men!"

Poets we must have, to interpret our best selves to our best selves, and prophets and patriots, men with the seer vision, who can tell us whither we are tending, and why; who can "read the storm before it falls," that we may "make the better haste of it," as one poet says. Politicians follow the times; real statesmen lead them—and oftener than not the statesman is a man outside of all public office; the preacher may be a statesman; frequently the newspaper editor is; the woman who is denied a vote is yet not denied the greater privilege of serving her country by her deep spiritual insight. There will never again be another Joan of Arc, to go forth to battle, but we may well expect that the hosts of highest patriotism and human service will be led by the song, the vision, the summons, of women prophets.

How to Get a Style.

This flaming message of the Prophet Isaiah is couched in the loftiest and noblest literary style. With good reason. The simple explanation for so much commonplace and stupid preaching and writing is that the preachers and writers are not on fire with a great passion. Isaiah had a mighty message touching his country and his God; therefore he dipped his pen in living fire and wrote. There are hundreds of ambitious young people today buying books upon authorship and sending their efforts to long-suffering friends, or to second-rate hired literary hacks, for criticism. What really ails them is that they have no tremendous passion or conviction.

In India I have come across an extraordinary and revealing fact: The literature of the Nationalists, the young "India for the Indians" party, is couched in the most exalted language, so that professors of literature, who have not a shred of sympathy with this propaganda, confess that they have never read such sublime and beautiful literature in the native tongue as these young patriots are producing. They admit that it is beyond their power to give an adequate translation of it into English.

What does this startling fact out of the life of today signify? Simply that great passions are productive of great ability. There are today in our schools young people abundantly able to be our modern Isaiahs, if only they may be exalted into a loftier conception of life, and of patriotism and of human service. Is not this a practical message for today's Sunday school classes? Let us learn to speak and write and draw and make music, all for the sake of our native land and our fathers' God. There is every evidence that we have abundant material for the creation of patriots who will redeem our popular songs from their insufferable vulgarity and inanity, who will produce new forms of patriotism and socialized literature—satires, allegories, poems, proverbs, who will elevate caricature to its highest form and use; who will paint great patriotic canvases; who will find a new and higher mission for the moving-picture machine and the phonograph; who will consecrate the wings of the flying machine to the holy cause of nationalism and internationalism—in a word, who will take of the resources of this twentieth century and make them minister to the noblest ideals and deepest needs of our country and the world.

Where Are the Prophets

All truth belongs to today; it is less Isaiah's message to the old Jews than to the living, wandering, beclouded men and women of our own time that concerns us now. The writer of this wonderful book, with its beautiful passages which have become imbedded in the literature of the language, stands first of all for the truth that every time needs prophets. Why are the big pulpits of America sending across the water for preachers? It is a pleasant expression of international good will to have these men from the mother country; but what an indictment of ourselves! It is nothing less than a confession that America, on both sides of the Canadian border, is not producing her own prophets. Even with frequent importations, an alarming number of conspicuous pulpits remain vacant.

Frankly, we badly need religious leaders. No, not prominent ecclesiastics; the world, the flesh and the devil constantly conspire to the over-production of this undesirable article. But men who know God and who know man; who walk in such intimacy with the Eternal, that spiritual things are the most real to them, and yet know themselves but men, weak, sinning men, needing pardon along with the worst, so that they are brothers to all their kind—for these the need was never greater. They who keep close to God are properly nighest to men. The sense of the reality and awful holiness of the Infinite is still, as it was in Isaiah's day, the most necessary equipment of the prophet. A keen realization of God is more to be coveted than the learning of the schools or the cunning of worldly wisdom. It is that which makes brave the messenger, and delivers him from the thraldom of fear and of all ignoble concerns.

To be an interpreter of the mind of the Most High, whether through this spoken word, the printed page, the canvas or the political arena, is the highest of all callings. That is what puts Isaiah above mere kinks. In old Assyria recently I had translated for me some of the boastful inscriptions of Sennecharib; how little he ever dreamed that an obscure prophet in one of the lands which he subjugated would, milleniums after his power had gone to dust, be the teacher and inspirer of millions of persons in a civilization far greater than that which Assyria boasted. Isaiah is the greatest of the Old Testament prophets, because his sense of God was clear and strong; and because he applied to his time the message that God gave him.

A Little God or a Big?

Yesterday I was in the bazars, buying gods for my friend, the professor of comparative religions. I carried several away in my pockets, for—this is the great teaching of the trivial incident—the gods of the heathen are all little gods. Some thousands of them are so small and ignoble as to merit the contempt of even their own followers who have received a western education. It is a fair question to ask concerning any person's religion, is your God a little God or a great God? The God of Isaiah was an ineffable and all-glorious God, throned in majesty above all kings, before whom the celestian cherubim and seraphim veiled their faces and cried, "Holy, holy, holy!" The lustrous purity and majesty of the Infinite made the prophet cry, "Woe is me!" Nothing creates a consciousness of sinfulness like the sight of holiness. The best way to awaken the world to a sense of its sins is to give it a vision of the great God.

This great God can enable small servants to do great work. That is a heartening truth which Isaiah teaches. His own sinfulness was taken away, and he was equipped for his mission by the touch of a coal from the altar of God. Such a sight as the prophet was afforded filled him with eagerness to cry aloud what he had heard. The truth of God never really gets hold of a man without making him a missionary. If the gospel be true, he that hears it must run with it. The measure of our vital apprehension of the reality of our religion is shown by the degree to which we have become imparters of it. "Here am I; send me!" cry all who have seen God: truth becomes duty.

Whoever has read, as I have done, the Book of Isaiah while riding on the bosom of Euphrates, within the bounds of Babylon, which was the world's capital when the author wrote, must have a deep and reverent sense of the wonder and mysterious wisdom of this writing.

Before one's eyes are the prophecies fulfilled, even as they were not fulfilled at the latest date within which any Old Testament writer could possibly have penned them. Isaiah can be no other than the mouthpiece of the Omniscient and **Omnipotent Jehovah.**

Varieties

Germany has the boxing craze.

A bee can carry twice its own in honey.

There are more than 1,000,000,000 a year over the telephones of New York.

An India rubber gatherer of Brazil averages 16 pounds of juice every day.

Only mankind, whales, elephants, gies and parrots live to be 100 years old.

Of every 100 pounds of food we 14 pounds consists of potatoes.

There are trained runners in Japan who cover 300 miles in three days.

The sun exerts about two-thirds as much force on the earth's tides as the moon.

The Australian government offers large prizes for the best postage stamp designs.

Space is economized by mounting new German high speed engine on top of its boiler.

The United States has about 8 phones per thousand of population.

There were 10,000 tons of paper used in the United States during 1909.

The colors of butterflies are influenced by the temperature of the air in which they live.

About 4,500 species of wild bees known, and of wasps 1,100.

The commercial fisheries of the United ed States have an annual value to the fishermen of $62,000,000.

The German model in uniform and drill for both army and navy will probably be adopted in Japan.

A Connecticut woman stole her husband's band's false teeth to keep him from attending beefsteak dinners.

Hawaii is the pineapple farm of the world. The largest pineapple cannery in the world is near Honolulu.

The average consumption of matches in France is 1,146 a person each year, representing a cost of about 23 cents.

A Pekin telegram says that the prohibition of foot binding will be energetically enforced throughout the empire.

A big sugar company which has mills scattered through the Fiji Islands, will link them by wireless telegraphy.

A French patent covers a process for bleaching and drying seaweeds so that they may be used for packing purposes.

A new electric pressing iron is equipped with metal plates, which can be inserted to increase its weight when desired.

Three hundred tons of discarded nons from the fortifications around Paris have been melted up for penny coinage.

An electric searchlight to be attached to the barrel of a gun to aid a hunter to see game at night is a German invention.

The Chilean government has under construction nearly 1,500 miles of railway, the cost of which will be about $75,000,000.

Railway construction is progressing rapidly in China and Manchuria. New lines are being built by the Chinese without foreign aid in any form.

It is claimed that there are in the northern part of British Columbia 5 million acres of virgin soil awaiting the advent of up-to-date fruit growers.

There are four languages in general use in Switzerland, but German is encountered to the greatest extent, French, Italian and Romansch following in the order given.

A machine which passes a slice of meat between a roller and a level plate, both covered with corrugated steel, will make it tender, is the invention of an Oregon man.

In the last 10 years the English city of Hull received from the profits of its municipal street car system $700,000, which lessened local taxation by that amount.

It is claimed for a newly invented fiber shredding machine introduced in Mexico that it will do the work of 50 laborers and do cleaner work than can be done by hand.

A Boston girl who was watching Sedgwick county farmer wilk a corn adjusted her glasses and said: "It's all very plain except that I don't understand how you turn it off."

A Pennsylvania interurban railroad regulates the fare charged children by their height, those whose heads reach above a line painted 45 inches above the floor of a car paying full fare.

Since carrying coals from Newcastle began, no load equal to that which has been recorded. It amounted to 10,000 tons, and was bound for the Philippine Islands.

A club for the promotion of wireless telegraphy has been formed at Harvard. It includes practically all the students who have shown an interest in this mode of communication.

Usually a dollar that is paid to a telephone company is divided up as follows: Rent, 4 cents; taxes, 4 cents; interest, 6 cents; surplus, 8 cents; maintenance, 16 cents; dividends, 18 cents; labor, 44 cents.

Jeff Davis, the fire-eating senator from Arkansas, was admitted to the bar at the age of 19. He observed strict neutrality during the civil war, being but 3 years of age when Lee surrendered.

No speaker of the house of representatives has become president since Mr. Polk. Mr. Cannon once said: "The speaker is frequently mentioned as a presidential possibility—until he has appointed his committees."

Orange culture has now spread from the coast of Palestine into Samaria. But the olive forestry is most promising. By 1912 the Jewish people will own according to an authority in Palestine some 60,000 olive and fruit trees.

It takes 4,221 pounds of ore, pounds of coke, which means about 3,000 pounds coal, and 1,147 pounds of limestone, a total of over four tons of ore, coal and limestone, to make a ton of pig iron.

More than half of the young women at Wellesley college have been found deficient in ability to spell well. Two hundred students are to give up their Saturday afternoons as well as other recitation periods of the week to drill in orthography.

Poultry farming has not yet become a scientific industry in India. In many Indian towns it is difficult to obtain table fowls. To the Hindoo poultry raising is objectionable on religious grounds. The government has now taken up the matter.

Bob Davis, who is editor of Munsey's Magazine and the author of several plays, speaking of a man who has achieved some distinction as a killer, said: "That fellow is a great athlete. He can throw a wet blanket 200 yards in any gathering."

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Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $5.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and **Free Bottle** of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O address. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

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STUBBS AIDS WOMAN MAYOR

Kansas Governor Backs Up Hunnewell Official in Liquor Fight.

Topeka, Kan., May 6.—Governor Stubbs announced today that he would give the women officials of Hunnewell, Kan., all the assistance they needed in their fight to enforce the prohibitory law. Women supporters of the woman mayor, Mrs. Ella Wilson, wrote to Governor Stubbs and complained that the council refused to aid the mayor in her fight on violators of the law. The laws are not enforced, says Mrs. Wilson, because there are no officers to enforce them, and she cannot appoint officers because the council refuses to approve her appointments.

ROBBER GETS YEAR

Ann Arbor, Mich., May 9.—Burt Andrews, of this city, who confessed last night to the robbery of the Michigan Central freight depot, was sentenced to a year in Jackson prison this morning. He secured a case of gum and 12 bottles of whiskey.

CALLS HALT UPON ROCKEFELLER BILL

Attorney General Says the Foundation Scheme Is a Dangerous One.

Washington, May 9.—The Rockefeller foundation is not to be given a corporate existence by the United States government.

Attorney General Wickersham, in an opinion given to the President, has condemned the project as unwise and calculated to perpetuate the huge fortune which John D. Rockefeller has amassed. The President is understood to agree with the reasoning of his attorney general, and in the event that a bill creating the foundation should pass congress he in all probability would veto it.

No one who is aware of the benevolent motives prompting Mr. Rockefeller in seeking to secure the creation of a corporation through which civilization and humanity might be benefited will believe that in approving the draft of the bill for this purpose which is pending in congress he was actuated solely by the selfish desire to keep his enormous holdings intact for the use of his descendants. Yet this would be the certain result if congress were to enact the bill introduced by Senator Gallinger and reported favorably by him from the committee on the District of Columbia two weeks after its introduction.

Hasty Action Is Prevented.

So far as the attorney general was concerned, he had to decide what was better and wiser from the point of view of public policy—the creation of a corporation with unlimited powers to do whatever its directors might see fit, and with no restrictions upon their procedure save the mere right of congress to repeal the charter under which they acted, or the protection of the people and the republic from a huge fortune, constantly increasing, free from federal taxation and beyond federal regulation, though the bill proposed that the corporation should make a yearly report of what it had done to the secretary of the interior.

The bill defined the object of the corporation to be the promotion of the well-being and advancement of civilization of all peoples in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge; the prevention and relief of suffering, and promotion of any and all of the elements of human progress.

Might Dominate the Nation.

There is no question that this is a highly worthy object and, properly safeguarded, would be of immense value to humanity. But Mr. Wickersham, looking at the matter from the point of view of the statesman, concluded that for the United States to perpetuate a creature whose tentacles now touch practically all industries would mean its eventual domination of the nation.

In the first place, the foundation avowedly would be perpetual. In the second, its directors would determine what would best advance civilization and apply themselves to its realization, even if the purpose might be the control of the government of the United States.

This board, under the bill, could be increased or it might remain at its present number—five—which would mean that the Rockefellers always could control it. Even the action of a smaller number than five would be valid.

The bill provides that exemption from taxation shall not apply to any property of the corporation not used for the purpose of the corporation, and this exemption shall not be enjoyed by the corporation if any officer, trustee, member or employe receives any pecuniary profit from the operations thereof, except reasonable compensation for services in effecting one or more of such purposes.

In other words, even the framers of the bill conceded that its provisions permitted the use of funds for other purposes than the specific purposes defined, broad as they are.

"Swollen fortunes," the designation given to huge accretions of wealth by Colonel Roosevelt, will not be saddled upon the country even under the form of charity. That they must be not only controlled, but prevented, is conceded by men of thought who are aware of the menace they constitute to free government.

STOP SENATE DAWDLING

Will Force Consideration of Measures on Which the Country Demands Action

Washington, May 6.—After a series of conferences between senate Democratic leaders, some of whom later conferred with insurgent Republicans, a decision was reached that the present do-nothing policy of the body must be abandoned and consideration of some of the important measures on which the country is demanding action begun. A general agreement among the Democrats was reached that too much time already has been wasted since the session began, and that the moment has arrived for a vigorous protest against a continuation of the dawdling tactics of the Republican leaders.

There will be no more adjournments from Monday to Thursday, and from Thursday to Monday, if the Democrats can help it. The Democrats want to get down to serious work at once and when the senate meets tomorrow this fact will be made clear to the majority, if a disposition is shown to take another adjournment for three days.

The measure that probably will be centered on for immediate consideration is the resolution submitting to the state legislatures a constitutional amendment providing for popular election of senators. This resolution was favorably reported to the senate from the judiciary committee, Monday. It is in charge of Senator Borah, of Idaho, and tomorrow he will ask that it be made the unfinished business of the senate and consideration of it begun at once. In this request he will have the support of the Democrats and Insurgent Republicans, and the point will no doubt be carried.

There is no good reason why a vote on the resolution should not be demanded at once, as the subject of direct election of senators was exhaustively debated in the last session, and most of the new senators who took their seats when the special session began are familiar with the argument pro and con and were pledged to the reform before they were elected. But senate traditions are strong and if a request were made for an immediate vote on the resolution, no doubt protests would arrive even from senators who are fully committed to the measure. But while Senator Borah will not ask for an immediate vote, he will insist on pressing for continuous consideration, so that a vote may be reached in a short time. He has no doubt that the resolution will command a safe majority.

COUNTRY BOY BECOMES HEAD OF RAILROAD.

Amherst, May 5.—The rise from a poor country boy to superintendent of a railroad is what Harry Earl, 30, has achieved in just 10 years. Earl has just been promoted to superintendent of the Cotton Belt railroad. Earl began his railroad career in Amherst 10 years ago under his father, C. C. Earl, who was then L. S. & M. S. agent here. He then worked in Cleveland as clerk.

NEW ERA, SAYS GOV. WILSON

Urges Great Care in Selecting New Leaders in Parties.

Kansas City, May 6.—Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, in a speech before the Knife and Fork club last night declared that a new political era, promising much for the welfare of the nation, now is upon the American people. The movement is one of reform, marked by a process of restoration, rather than that of a revolution, he said.

The work of reforming present conditions was confined to neither political party, the speaker said, both parties being well represented in the efforts at reform as well as in the obstructive tactics of reactionaries.

The Democratic party was not so closely allied with the reactionary forces, "the interests," as was the Republican party, however, said the governor, and therefore was better able to serve the people in the "process of restoration."

Great care should be taken in the selection of party leaders, the speaker urged. The processes of the present reform movement were fundamentally conservative. Therefore, excitement should be avoided and demagogs silenced.

The New Jersey executive said the initiative and referendum in the field of legislation and the recall in the field of administration were intended to restore representative government. But the recall should not apply to judges, who neither made nor administered the laws, but only interpreted them.

THE GROWTH OF LANGUAGE

Bible Writers Used 6,000 Words, While Shakespeare Used 21,000.

New Haven, Conn., May 6.—In connection with the Bible tercentenary, which is being celebrated throughout the English speaking world, Prof. Albert T. Cook, of Yale, has made an interesting computation showing that in spite of the influence of the Bible upon literature the number of words which appear in it falls far below the number of words used by Milton or Shakespeare.

In the authorized version, according to Professor Cook, use is made of only about 6,000 words, whereas Milton found it necessary to draw upon about 13,000, and Shakespeare something like 21,000.

"PEROXIDE KING" DIVORCED

Reno, Nev., May 6.—John B. Brunner, generally known as the "Peroxide King," of Cincinnati, New York, Detroit and other cities, finally secured his divorce in Carson City today from Margaret E. Brunner, after being compelled by her attorneys to make more specific his allegations.

He said he married the Washington girl at her home in the national capital in December, 1891, and has two children. He declared she was continually nagging him. Her conduct continued to be so tyrannical and abusive that he became a nervous wreck.

FALLIERES IN BELGIUM

Brussels, May 8.—President Fallieres and his suite arrived in Brussels today. The French president was welcomed by King Albert, members of the diplomatic corps and high state dignitaries. Subsequently he entered a carriage with the Belgian king and was driven to the royal palace.

OHIO LEGISLATIVE INDICTMENTS

SENATOR GEORGE K. CETONE, Democrat, of Dayton, Montgomery county—Indicted jointly with Rodney J. Diegle, sergeant-at-arms of the senate, for soliciting and taking a bribe of $200 from Detective David Barry in connection with the Cetone-Whittemore bill to permit foreign mutual fire insurance companies to do business in Ohio. Released on $5,000 bond, signed by J. O. Shoup, of Dayton, and Jacob Henry, of Columbus.

SENATOR ISAAC HUFFMAN, Democrat, of Oxford, Butler county—Indictment identical with that against Senator Cetone. Released on $5,000 bond, signed by his father-in-law, Jacob Henry, and George T. Spahr, a Columbus printer.

SENATOR L. R. ANDREWS, Republican, of Ironton, Lawrence county—Indictment identical with those against Cetone and Huffman. Released on $5,000 bond, signed by the Title Guarantee and Surety Co., of Scranton, Pa.

REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE B. NYE, Democrat, of Pike county, three indictments. One for soliciting a bribe of $1,000 from Representative B. F. Kimble, of Adams county, to advance the Kimble judicial district bill on the house calendar. Second indictment is for soliciting a bribe of $500 from Edward A. Crawford, state printer, for the same purpose. The third is for accepting a bribe of $100 from Detective David Barry to use his influence against the Green senate bill limiting the hours of working women to nine a day. Released on $10,000 bond signed by the Title Guarantee and Surety Company.

REPRESENTATIVE A. CLARK LOWRY, Republican, of Ironton, Lawrence county—Indicted for soliciting a bribe of $500 from Detective David H. Barry to work against the Green nine-hour bill. Released on $5,000 bond signed by Title Guarantee and Surety company.

RODNEY J. DIEGLE, sergeant-at-arms of the senate, Democrat, of Sandusky, Erie county—Three indictments for aiding, abetting and procuring a bribe in connection with the Andrews, Cetone and Huffman cases. Released on $10,000 bond signed by Title Guarantee and Surety company.

TAFT, BURNS, PHIPPS AND STATE ALL ON GRAFT TRAIL

Columbus, May 8.—With the President of the United States, the war department, the governor and attorney general of Ohio, the Burns detective agency and the state legislature cooperating with the grand jury and prosecuting attorney of Franklin county, further startling developments in the legislative bribery scandal are expected confidently this week.

Detective William J. Burns and William H. Phipps, formerly state oil inspector, intercepted at San Francisco as he was about to board a transport for the Philippine Islands, will arrive in Columbus this week almost simultaneously.

Phipps' trip of more than 2,000 miles back to Ohio to give testimony before the grand jury is by order of President Taft himself. It is expected that his testimony will almost certainly result in the indictment of at least one more member of the house of representatives.

Upon apparently good authority, it is said that former Representative Carl Shuler, of Montgomery county, now practicing law in Cleveland and other Clevelanders interested in the Edwards subway bill, furnished the tip that Phipps had been solicited for a bribe that would help the subway legislation.

This was several weeks ago before Phipps received his Philippine appointment from the President. He was then in Columbus, representing the Rapid Transit Co., of Cleveland, which expects to operate electric cars in the proposed subway. Phipps told the alleged bribe solicitor to go where the climate is even hotter than the Philippines.

The grand jury sessions were resumed this morning, and both senate and house of representatives will hold short sessions at 5 this afternoon. Neither body has transacted any business since Thursday, and the week's program is a matter of uncertainty.

Several important propositions have been made, and it is likely that all will be placed before the assembly in some form within the next few days—possibly tonight. One will be a resolution for appropriation of $7,500 for an investigation of the bribery scandal by a joint legislative committee, independent of the grand jury. Speaker Samuel J. Vining and Lawrence K. Langdon, Republican floor leader, both expressed the opinion Sunday that a probe of this kind ought to be started. All the testimony elicited by it would be made public. Only vague rumors and speculative opinions can be published concerning the grand jury work. The testimony before the grand jury is taken behind closed doors and the witnesses are sworn to secrecy.

Another plan is to adopt a resolution for a legislative investigation, but to defer beginning it until the grand jury has completed its work and made a final report.

A third plan is for immediate recess of the general assembly and the suspension of all business until this final grand jury report is forthcoming. Five members of the assembly have already been indicted. Several others are under suspicion and likely to be indicted. Notwithstanding that there is grave question as to the propriety of their further participation in legislative proceedings until the cloud can be lifted, if at all, none of the indicted legislators has indicated a willingness to vacate his seat.

On vital amendments to the Winters public utility bill, the three senators under indictment held the balance of power several times last week. They voted in favor of amendments which, it is asserted, weaken the bill, pull its teeth, make it really inimical to the interests of the people and give the big corporations, especially the telephone corporations, exactly what they want—authority to create a gigantic monopoly with practically no state regulation as to rates and service. Lawrence K. Langdon, Republican floor leader, declared Sunday that he will fight these amendments to the last ditch when the bill comes back to the house for concurrence. This will undoubtedly mean that it will be thrown into the hands of a joint conference committee. The senate will vote on the bill as a whole tomorrow. Previous action has been only upon amendments.

The senate recently adopted a resolution for recess of the assembly next Saturday, May 13, until May 22, with final adjournment on that date. The one statement concerning the situation, which can at this time be made with certainty, is that the work of the legislature will not then be completed. The house has not concurred in the senate resolution and there is little hope of final adjournment before June 1. And the date will be much later if the plan to recess until the grand jury makes its final report should be agreed to by both houses.

KING'S SON IS SPEECHLESS

Second Child of Spain's Ruler to Be Operated On.

Madrid, May 5.—The Diario Universal says that Queen Victoria will take Prince Jaime, her second son, to Switzerland about the end of June or the beginning of July, to undergo an operation to correct a difficulty of speech with which he is affected.

Prince Jaime of Spain was born June 23, 1908. He has never been in robust health, and reports have been current for a year or more that he was without the power of speech.

WOMEN IN BIG PARADE

Vote Hunters by Thousands Join in Imposing March on Fifth Avenue.

New York, May 6.—The ranks of New York's women suffrage advocates were all agog today in preparation for this afternoon's demonstration in aid of the suffragist causes to take the form of a parade down Fifth avenue.

More than 2,000 women were expected to join in the march in protest against non-action by the legislature on the bill giving the ballot to their sex.

The leaders of the demonstration hoped to make it one of the biggest of its kind that has occurred in this country. Practically all the suffrage societies in the city were represented in the movement.

Women of wealth, society women, working girls, professional women, all have been participating in the work of preparation and there was an early gathering at the various society headquarters of womankind ready to take part in the march.

Bands and Banners.

Accompanied by bands and interspersed with appropriate floats and with "votes for women," and other banners flying, the procession of women and their delegations of supporters from men's organizations will move from 57th street down Fifth avenue to Union Square, where exercises will be held and speakers will address the throngs.

A tremendous outpouring of women, not only in the ranks of the marchers, but as spectators along Fifth avenue and Broadway, was assured as the day progressed. The parade will be formed in eight divisions, with bands and delegations from various states, and with huge floats illustrating women's struggle for the franchise.

One of the floats shows a woman carried in a sedan chair, illustrating the old-time sphere of women who did not care to vote. Another float shows women of colonial days as homemakers and housekeepers. After that the floats exhibit women in the many branches of business activity of today, including jewelry workers and various handicrafts associated with the home.

Women at Work.

In this division also will be milliners, dressmakers, laundresses, hairdressers and artists' models. Another division includes women farmers, clerks, sculptors, writers, lawyers, architects, physicians and nurses, and stenographers. Among the odd occupations of women which will be represented will be women automobile chauffeurs, women athletes, women aeronauts and women explorers.

Among the states sending delegations are: Maryland, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Nevada. The Nevada women will march under a device reading: "Votes for women, we are on the way."

The women explorers will be headed by Miss Anna Peck, the woman who climbed Popocatapetl and the Himalayas. The woman farmers will be headed by Mrs. Lucy Wilson, while the artists have Miss Olga Neengward. Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton will march with the contingent of authors.

Most of the women's franchise organizations in this part of the country have taken part in the demonstration, one of the exceptions being the Political Equality league, of which Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is president.

MAN CONQUERS SUFFRAGIST

Lady Sybil Smith, "Talking Too Much," Obeys Husband.

New York, May 6.—Lady Sybil Smith, one of England's aristocratic militant suffragettes, obeyed the command of man as soon as she set foot ashore from the Lusitania yesterday. She is young and handsome, and had begun to tell what her plans were for her stay in America as the guest of J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., when her husband, Vivien Smith, who looks a militant air, told her ladyship not to talk too much. The Englishwoman said that she had not planned the parade of women in London for June 17, although she intends to take part in it; that she would like to meet Mrs. Belmont, but is going to Canada and Vancouver and right back to London. Then her husband intervened.

FOREST FIRES RAGE IN NORTH

Heavy Loss in Minnesota and Flames Threaten Train.

Walker, Minn., May 8.—Dangerous forest fires are raging north of this city on the Minnesota & International railroad.

At Spur the St. Paul train was forced to run through the flames, which are being swept northwest by a strong wind. Many settlers have lost their homes and a large amount of sawed lumber has been destroyed.

Walker, Akeley and other towns are well protected, as hundreds of men are out backfiring. Thousands of dollars' worth of property is being destroyed.

Brings in All in Danger.

Winnipeg, Man., May 8.—Forest fires are threatening settlements along Big river, north of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. A special train sent out from Prince Albert brought all the people living in the danger zone to safety yesterday.

LINER ATTACKED BY CANNIBALS

British Crew Routs Savages Off Afrian Coast With Steam.

New York, May 9.—After fighting 100 war canoes full of cannibals while aground on a coral reef at the Womazi islands, German East Africa, the British steamship Kasenga arrived here Sunday.

From the day she sailed from New York, many months ago, with a cargo of 100 mules and five locomotives until she reached Sandy Hook on her return, the Kasenga's voyage was one long reries of thrilling adventures.

Five days out from New York a heavy gale smashed the mule pens and all the mules ran around the heaving decks, a number being swept overboard.

On December 30, Capt A. W. Dobbs, in command, fell down an elevator shaft at Cape Town and was killed.

Steamship Runs Aground.

While proceeding along the coast of German East Africa the Kasenga ran aground at 4 a. m. on January 28. It was raining and foggy and Chief Officer Wooster did not get his bearings until he saw a coral reef sticking out of the water. The reef was between two of the Womazi islands. The islands were apparently uninhabited, but Wooster found them to be filled with birds and game. He shot a springbok.

Half an hour before high tide 100 war canoes, filled with cannibals, paddled swiftly toward the Kasenga. Each canoe held 50 men. On these islands the crew and passengers of a French mail boat were clubbed to death 10 years ago.

Mindful of this massacre, the crew of the Kasenga lined up with high pressure steam hoses. Of the 57 men aboard 44 were Malays, and they became panic-stricken as soon as they saw the cannibals.

Steam Turned on Savages.

When the cannibals were within 10 feet of the Kasenga the hoses were turned on them. The scalding steam drove the savages out of reach, where they held a parley. Then they scattered and commenced to row down on the Kasenga from all directions.

The tide was full by this time, and as the second attack was made the freighter's engines began to turn and she slowly moved out to deep water and was quickly clear of the reef. Then, with steam pouring from many hoses onto the canoes the Kasenga escaped from the cannibals.

SUPPOSED CORPSE REVIVES

Son Makes Fortunate Discovery While Funeral Is Planned.

Freeland, Pa., May 6.—Apparently dead for three hours, Mrs. Patrick Maguire, of Upper Lehigh, a mining town one mile north of here, showed signs of returning animation early today and eventually regained consciousness.

Stricken with paralysis some months ago she gradually sank and seemingly passed away this morning. The bereaved husband came to town, engaged an undertaker and wired absent members of the family that their mother was dead. Arrangements were about completed for the funeral when a messenger arrived with word that the woman still was alive.

GIRL IN PAJAMAS ON CAR

Somnambulist Goes Into Hysterics When Awakened Downtown.

Omaha, Neb., May 6.—Dressed in a suit of blue silk pajamas and wearing the thoughtful air of a somnambulist, Miss Sadie Allen, a pretty, 21-year-old Omaha girl, boarded a Harney street car at midnight last night, came down to the business part of the city and was finally awakened by physicians, who took her in charge. When with the aid of a glass of ice water she was brought to consciousness she went into hysterics. She was wrapped in tablecloths from a nearby cafe and taken home in an automobile.

IOWA TRAVELERS IN SESSION

Mason City, Ia., May 6.—Mason City extended a cordial welcome today to the many delegates and visitors in attendance at the annual state convention of the Travelers' Protective association. The annual reports presented at the business session this forenoon showed the affairs of the order in Iowa to be in a flourishing condition both as regards membership and finances.

FOOD IN SERMONS

Feed the Dominie Right and the Sermons Are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and successful clergyman writes: "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet.

"For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day by indigestion. My breakfast seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally concluded to give it a trial. I made my breakfasts of Grape-Nuts with cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal.

"My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table.

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily wearied in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from a change in my diet.

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength.

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

HELP WANTED.

MEN WANTED for government positions. Average salary $1,100; annual vacations; short hours. Send postal immediately for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-32, Rochester, N. Y.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Company, L 508 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

TUBERCULOSIS CONQUERED — Write for testimonials of prominent people and booklet why Nature's Creation Saves Consumptives. E. P. Morgan, Hippodrome Bldg., Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

MALE HELP WANTED.

ADVERTISEMENT writers earn from $25 to $100 a week. You can learn quickly. Ask for free information. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

MEDICAL.

FOR 25c in stamps or coin we will send a bottle of the best corn remedy on the market. Guaranteed to remove corns or bunions in two days or money back. Roesch's Chemical Laboratory, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL.

MARRIAGE PAPERS — Giving all names and addresses, 20c. Box 2262 B. Boston, Mass.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY wealth and beauty. Marriage directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 C. G., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE Directory Free to members of the Good Order. Strictly reliable, good results, select your ideal for happy life. Particulars only 10c. A. R. Housekeeper, Mgr., Dept. H, 2807 Morgan St., Tampa, Fla.

MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. The Exchange, Box 829 B. O., Kansas City, Mo.

This Page Is Read In

A Quarter Million Homes

From Maine to California Every Week.

For the small sum of THREE DOLLARS you can reach all of them with a five-line advertisement, this size:

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

By using the MAIL ORDER MARKET of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, your announcement will be delivered right into the HOME. Here is a chance to tell the young man of your plan, a new way for him to go into business for himself. The father of the family may be considering the sale of a portion of his land holdings. The old farm may be on the market. A chance to buy, sell or trade would have an interested audience among the readers of the

MAIL ORDER MARKET

A new business can be started in these columns. You won't need a large capital to start with, as there are over a MILLION readers of the Weekly Blade every week. This makes it possible to avoid the expense of salesmen. The MAIL ORDER MARKET is your salesmen. Just think, a FIVE-LINE advertisement would cost you only $3.00. The circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE is now OVER 225,000—figuring an average of five to a family, your adv. will be placed before a million readers. A letter to all these people would cost (even if you used 1c postage) $10,000.00. This is how advertising is a paying business.

Fill out the coupon below:

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

MAN BALKS AT ALTAR

Expected Groom Fails to Appear for Wedding.

Hillsdale, Mich., May 8.—Friends of the interested parties were surprised late Saturday afternoon to learn that the wedding set for high noon did not occur between Attorney Ferris Stone, of Detroit, and Miss Maude Kreiter, school teacher of this city, because the groom sent a note to the assembled guests announcing that he would not appear for the ceremony. No reason was assigned. The shock to Miss Kreiter was so great that she was prostrated and a physician had to be called to attend her.

Stone and Miss Kreiter are highly respected young people, and most of their lives have been spent in this city. They had been keeping company since they attended school together.

Stone is a graduate of the lit. and the law departments of the University of Michigan. Several times before, according to the well informed, the wedding had been practically decided upon, but was always postponed. This time, however, public announcement was made that it was set for Saturday.

The guests and minister were at the home of the bride when Stone sent word that he was not coming. The wedding was rehearsed the night before, and it was thought that it would be held as planned, although Stone is said to have told Miss Kreiter that he loved another girl, but would keep his engagement to marry her if she insisted. At the last moment, however, he balked.

Several parties were given for Miss Kreiter during the week and she had purchased a large amount of furnishings for the flat which she expected to occupy in Detroit.

Secrecy Surrounds Affair.

Detroit, Mich., May 8.—Inquiries made Sunday at the residence of J. Herbert Ferris, 141 Harmon, at whose home Attorney Ferris Stone lives, drew forth the information that Mr. Stone has been in Hillsdale and had not yet returned. Mr. Ferris said that he was not fully acquainted with the details of Mr. Stone's affair with Miss Kreiter, but said, when the above dispatch was read to him, that it was not far from a correct statement of the facts.

Mr. Ferris said that his brother, Rev. R. H. Ferris, of Chicago, had stopped in Hillsdale on his way to Detroit for the purpose of performing the marriage ceremony, but that Rev. Mr. Ferris had not felt himself in a position to discuss details.

MISSISSIPPI K. OF P.

Jackson, Miss., May 8.—Representatives of more than 170 lodges of the Knights of Pythias in Mississippi arrived in the capital today for the annual meeting of the grand lodge of the order. The sessions will last three days. In honor of the gathering the city is decorated with flags and Pythian emblems.

SUES FOR MILLION ESTATE

R. S. Buck, Son of Labor's Foe, Would Break Will.

St. Louis, May 5.—Ralph S. Buck filed suit in circuit court to break the will disposing of the $1,000,000 estate of his son, Stephen S. Buck, archfoe of union labor and manager of the Buck's Stove and Range company, of St. Louis.

Buck made his sisters, Carrie L. Buck and Lillie B. Avis, and the St. Louis Union Trust company defendants in the suit. He charged in his petition that Ralph S. Buck did not execute his last will while he was of sound mind, but that his sisters influenced him unduly, falsely stating that Stephen Buck was ungrateful and lacking in affection.

Ralph S. Buck died November 11 last, and his will was filed five days later. The will contained no bequest for Stephen Buck or his brother, Charles H. Buck, who has since died.

AVIATOR CRASHES TO DEATH

Frenchman, Operating in China, Falls From Heights.

Shanghai, China, May 6.—Rene Vallon, the French aviator, fell from a great height today and was instantly killed.

Wallon belonged in Paris and had been giving exhibitions in this country for six weeks in the hope of interesting the Chinese government in military aviation. He made the first extended flight by an aviator in China, using a Sommer biplane.

HATPINS MAY LEAD TO JAIL

Detroit, May 5.—Under a new state law signed by Governor Osborne, a woman wearing a hatpin more than 10 inches long can be sent to state prison for two years and fined $500.

The provision is part of a law prohibiting the sale or carrying of dangerous weapons. Two suffragettes expressed opposite views on the justice of the law. Mrs. Ruby Zahn, vice president of Equal Suffrage club, said:

"This is a man-made law for you. Just wait until women get the ballot in Michigan and we will make them sorry."

Mrs. George G. Carron, president of the Federation of Women's clubs, said:

"The long hatpin is most dangerous. I don't think the law a whit too strong."

DON'T CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS
But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with
ABSORBINE JR
A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. H. L. Aldrich, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1.00 4-oz. $2.00 10oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Gives Men This Vitality of Youth

Vitality is the thing which makes success; it gives men that compelling power which sends them forth eager and equipped to meet and overcome all obstacles; it is the thing which gives the young soldier courage to face death; it is the thing which inspires and holds his sweetheart's love and faith. No matter what your age, I can give you this same vital power. I can restore the vigor you lost, no matter what early or later indiscretion may have sapped your strength. I can make you "young" and keep you "young." From an intimate and studious observation of possibly 100,000 weakened men, I say to you that VITALITY or the lack of it means all the difference between a manly man and a half man. The man who bubbles with vital power will exert a pleasing influence upon all with whom he comes in contact; women are naturally attracted to him, as are men. Lack of vitality is a negative condition, and it even repels. You wear my HEALTH BELT all night; it sends a great, glowing, health-giving current of electro-vitality into your nerves, blood and organs; it takes all the "kink" out of your back and all the coward out of your makeup; it puts you right up in the "feeling fine" class and keeps you there. No stimulation, no false results; just a sure return to manhood and courage. Recommended also for rheumatism, pain in the back, kidney, liver, stomach and bladder disorders. It makes you feel young and keeps you feeling young forever.

Let Me Send You This Book FREE

It fully describes my Health Belt and contains much valuable information. One part deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. The other part is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near the city, take the time to drop in at my office, that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for professional advice, either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, write and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for anyone needing new vigor.

DR. T. B. SANDEN CO.,
1151 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book, as advertised, free.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

HOUSEHOLD. THE PEACE PAGE. HOUSEHOLD.

ELIZABETH AYRES EDITOR

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

THIS week, if you will take notice, we have a new head to mark the Household Page—THE PEACE PAGE.

We have for the subject of the fourth chapter of the BLADE BOOK, UNIVERSAL PEACE, which is the title of the oration written and delivered by HOWARD WARWICK, before an assemblage of TOLEDO high school pupils, teachers and literary students. The oration won the honors of the occasion.

Howard Warwick is a BLADE boy, whose work many of you read each week. He is the QUESTION BUREAU GENTLEMAN. I think when you read his oration you, too, will give it heed and honor.

THE BLADE'S FRONT DOOR.

The oration follows:

I HAVE in mind tonight an unpainted picture of PEACE and an unwritten poem of CONTENT. Come with me to some promontory projecting into the vast sea of American industry and watch. What do we see? Off yonder, smoking factory chimneys break the skyline. Over there, a church spire rises heavenward. These are familiar objects, but they are full of inspiration—they are symbolical of two essentials to peace and contentment—WORK and WORSHIP. Let us look again. Stretching out and beyond the range of vision are luxuriant fields of grain and fruits. They dot the plains, blossom in the valleys and climb the hillsides. Warmed and nourished by the sun of today, wet by the dew and silvered by the luminous orb of night, they are ripening for a glorious harvest. Again let us look and listen. The sun is sinking behind a cloudless horizon. The toilers of the day are homeward bound. We hear the merry music of children in streets of city, and town, and village, and country lane. A bird here and there is calling to its mate—his sweet love-note a benediction to departing day. The shadows have stretched to their full length and gone to sleep. Brush and canvas are inadequate; pen and paper are prosaic. Our unpainted picture is a state of mind and soul; our unwritten poem a song in the hearts of a prosperous and happy people.

Oh, my friends, would you be willing to exchange the calm, seductive days of PEACE for the bitter strife and turmoil of war? Would you give up the sweet allurements of blessed eventide for the black night of thunderous conflict? I read the answer in the intelligent faces before me. The civilization that has come to us through the progress of ages says "No." The humanity of your hearts is answering—"A thousand times no!"

Agreed, then, that we do not want war, it is the duty of civilized man to insist that we have PEACE. And we must universalize it—make it world-wide, and to do this we must preach it and teach it at every opportunity. WAR IS A RELIC OF BARBARISM. The nation that fights when there is an honorable alternative, is harking back to the cave man. He fought with no thought of whether he was right or wrong. He wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, and he was governed by primal instinct. The clearest and most emphatic definition of war was given by a fighting man—GENERAL SHERMAN. You cannot find it in the dictionary, but you have heard it, and it is not easily forgotten.

Going back into history we find the great Hannibal and his destructive army as it marched through Italy, laying waste the entire country; we see Alexander the Great, who sighed for more worlds to conquer; we hear the tramp of Caesar's mighty hosts; we witness the victories and bloodshed of Charlemagne, of Frederick the Great, of Marlborough, of Wellington, and then we come to the devastation wrought by that so-called greatest of all modern soldiers—Napoleon Bonaparte, the man who had all Europe at his feet, the man who made and unmade kings. We see them all—their names written in red. And then we ask ourselves to what purpose was all this? And the answer is lost in the sobs of countless thousands of despairing women and the hopeless wails of orphaned children. If you want to learn what were the ambitions of a king, read the crimson pages of history; if you want to know what were the aspirations of some great warrior, who wanted to purchase a halo with the lives of his fellowmen, look up the record of some fat, spineless monarch.

If the United States, Great Britain and Germany were to organize a peace pact, and remain firm and unflinching, the end of all time would come before another Napoleon could be developed. The day is coming, and let us hope that it will not be long in getting here, when men would rather have as a monument one block of stone in the PEACE PALACE at The Hague, than to be immortalized with a blood-stained shaft like the one that rises above the tomb of the man whose ambitions were crushed at Waterloo. There are many advocates of UNIVERSAL PEACE, and the ranks are growing. Some day we will forget to worship the heroes of war, and then we will bare our heads to those who talk and work for UNIVERSAL PEACE.

For an argument on behalf of UNIVERSAL PEACE let us turn to the battlefields that were once blood-red. We will call up the spirits of the 15,000 men whose bleached bones marked the retreat from Moscow. We will go over the field of Waterloo and get the testimony of the more than 50,000 who fell in that history-making conflict. We will ask 500,000 Japanese and Russians who fell in the disastrous struggle of a few years ago what they have to say. We will not forget the thousands who gallantly died at Gettysburg, at Chickamauga and Antietam. From the hillsides, from the trenches and from the depths of the sea we will gather a mighty host of warriors. We will marshal them in line, until shoulder rattles against shoulder. Then we will ask them this simple question: "Are you in favor of war or peace?" Let us anticipate the answer. We see millions of nerveless hands outstretched; millions of sightless eyes are raised to heaven, and from millions of dry throats we catch the whispered echo of the never-dying words which fell from the lips of angels upon the advent of the Savior of mankind—"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!"

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

There is nothing that pleases a town or city boy more than a large, round, red apple. You country folk, when you go to town, if you have apples, remember this and impart your portion.

Pass on the flowers; pass on the flowers; you who have them. Pass on the flowers to those who have them not.

You may always put faith in the man or the woman who sings the first thing in the morning.

Whatever you are doing, do it as the means to some good end. BELIEVE IN YOUR JOB.

The other morning a robin sang his greeting to me from the tip top of a telegraph pole underneath my window. Country folk are not the only ones who know what the robins say at five o'clock in the morning.

The way to bring about UNIVERSAL PEACE is to believe it and live it at home.

It will never hurt you to say "good morning" to anyone or everyone you meet. It is not always necessary to speak it. You can look it just as well.

Here's hoping.

CARPETS REPAIRED

I wonder how many Household sisters are mending carpet to put down this spring. We had some pieces of carpet that looked hopeless, but after a thorough cleaning with gold dust and rain water and the addition of a few patches, it looks very well.

I learned a new way to mend carpet this spring and will pass it on. Stretch and tack in place, then insert the patch under the hole with your hand; put paste on the under side of the carpet, pressing it down firmly and smoothly. If you have taken care of the stripe or design, the mended place will be noticed but little. I am so hopelessly old-fashioned, I like floor coverings. I admit the superior sanitation of bare floors, etc., but I like rugs and carpets.—Nellie R. W——, West Virginia.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL

Here is some Rocky mountain news, which, of course, came to us by letter: "This morning, just outside of the yard fence, was a bunch of 10 mountain quail. They are very beautiful this time of the year. They are snow white, with black eyes. When they are on the snow you can hardly see which is the bird; they are so white and quite tame. I wish you could see them.—A Rocky Mountain Girl, Garfield, Colo.

FROM THE CHILDREN

A BOYHOOD HOME

Dear Blade—Here I come, telling you how much I enjoy the children's letters. I am a little girl of 11 summers. I have for pets one chicken and two cats. I live in the country and I like to watch the birds build their nests. One redbird sings near our window every morning. I like to gather wild flowers in the woods.

I am sending you a picture of the home of Stonewall Jackson, which is about a mile from my home. I will sign my pet name.—Peekaboo, West Virginia.

FROM PUSSY'S CORNER

Dear Children of The Blade.—I am sitting in Pussy's corner writing this letter, instead of in the Cozy corner. I live on a farm in the state of Ohio, and we live just 2½ miles from town. I have for pets seven ducks, two kittens and one horse. I am a girl 13 years old and am 5 feet 3 inches tall. I read The Blade. We have taken it for about five years. I enjoy the letters and I always turn to the Household page first. I have been looking for Mazie to send a letter, telling the names of her twin sister and brother.

Elizabeth, my mother, sisters, father, brothers, uncles, aunts or grandmother and grandfather did not help me to write my letter, so they are not teaching me deceit, for I wrote it myself while papa was reading the paper. My grandmother and grandfather are both dead. My mother died when I was 4 years old. Papa and I stay at home and we raise chickens and ducks. I have two sisters married. I also have one niece.

Well, this is my first letter to The Blade. I will run from my corner, and if this is printed I may run in my corner and write again.—Country Schoolgirl of Spencerville, O.

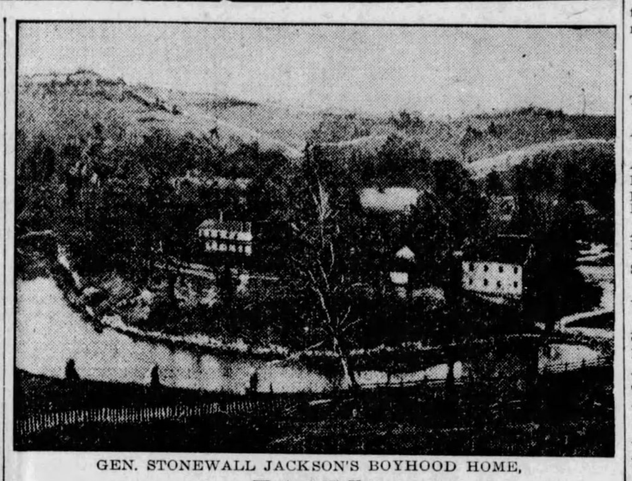
FROM ILLINOIS

Dear Blade—I am a little boy, 12 years old. I have a little sister, 4 years old. Her name is Eva.

I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I have a colt I ride. Her name is Patsy. I like to read the letters from the children. We have taken The Blade two years and like it pretty well. I hope to see this in print, and if I do I will come again. I will sign my full name.—William Franklin Rule, Noble, Illinois.

A LUCKY GIRL

Dear Old Blade—I am a little girl 10 years old. I have curly hair and I weigh 80 pounds. I go to school and I am in the fifth reader. I live in the country. My school was out the 21st of April. I have a pet cat; I call him Pete. I have seven dolls. I have a piano and have been taking lessons three years. My papa keeps store and he bought an automobile this spring. I like to read The Blade and I always read the children's letters first. I like to read such books as Five Little Peppers, Beautiful Joe, Black Beauty, Little Prudie, Alice in Wonderland, Robinson Crusoe and lots of others. I have 23 books. I wrote to The Blade once before, but my letter was not printed. If I see this in print I may call again sometime. With best wishes, I am—Mildred Hughes, Ohio.


GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON'S BOYHOOD HOME, Weston, W. Va.

From a postcard sent by Peekaboo, West Virginia.

ABOUT OREGON

Dear Little Readers of The Blade—Will you allow an Oregon girl to join your corner again? I live in Oregon. I wrote to The Blade three times before and my letter came out in print once, so I will come again and tell some about Oregon. I received 40 letters in answer to my letter in The Blade, so when I write this I shall not have so many letters to write.

We have the very finest of water in Oregon, and you do not have any wood to buy. One wanted to know about what our principal crops are. They are oats, wheat, vegetables and fruits. Our summer nights are cool and pleasant. Some wanted to know about government land. There is no government land to take up in this part of the country. Someone asked me what county I live in. I live in Benton county and our county ceat is Corvallis. The capital of Oregon is Salem.

One question was what are your brothers' names? Theodora, the eldest, is 32. The next one is Fred. He is 30. Ralph is 26 and my youngest brother, Joe, is 22 years old. I told my age before, so I guess everyone knows it. I like to hear my mamma read The Blade. Well, I guess I have written enough, so I will sign my name as before.—Minnie Muriel Thrasher, Oregon.

A QUEER CHICKEN

Dear Blade—As my other letter ran and jumped into the waste basket, I thought I would try again. I am a boy, 11 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I go to Sunday school and like to go.

I have got something I bet all of the children would like to see. I will tell you what it is—a little chicken with four legs. It is very funny to look at. I will close, hoping to see this in print. Here is my name.—Clinton Apple, Paoli, Indiana.

NATURE LORE

BY NATURE LOVERS

OUR Nature Lore Department has been "sorty" postponed for a spell, but the party is coming off today, and will come off, from time to time, for an indefinite period. Here's hoping it will be a winner.—Elizabeth.

To begin with, here is something about birds:

What a fine idea of Pine Tree's that we have a nature corner. I have kept lists of the spring and fall migrations of birds, for a number of years and I intend to learn at least one new bird every year. I rejoice in every added bird friend. How well I remember the places where I saw my first warblers! And the little hemlock covered bank where I first saw a golden crowned kinglet! The ruby crowns are much more abundant, there, though the only linger a short time on their spring and fall migrations.

Then the finding of nests! The tall stub where I found my first flicker's nest, and the swamp where I found a redwinged black bird's. One spring I picked up a wee sandpiper chick on a creek bank. Of course I let him go again. The juncos stay with us here among the mountains of northern Pennsylvania all winter, and we have tree sparrows, nuthatches, gray and red-breasted, hairy and downy woodpeckers and bluejays all winter. In open winters, crows and some kinds of hawks linger near. I have also seen a few shrikes. In late February, or early March, our first bluebirds and robins come and I am always glad to welcome them.

We have a great many wild flowers around here and I nearly always keep dates of their blooming. Hepaticas are among the earliest. We only have the one kind. I have always wished I could find the other variety of leaves.

I hope many will write about their observations of nature.—Gay, Pennsylvania.

This article is about the Early Wild Flowers. It is contributed by Pine Tree, the one who started the nature ball a-rolling.

To those interested in wild flowers: Since Elizabeth has been so kind as to start the ball a-rolling to Nature Lore, I will help it along by telling you of the early spring flowers. While the ground is yet mostly covered with snow, I know each sheltered nook where I shall find the earliest flowers. I know just how beautiful the trailing arbutus, the first flower of spring, will look. "Pink, small and punctual, aromatic low." This little quotation from Whittier describes it in a few words, except that it is as often white. In New England the arbutus is better known as may-flower.

Those who do not know of the delight of picking these "spring beauties" from their leafy beds have missed much, or still have much to look forward to. Nearby, we find the liverwort, or hepatica, with its small, delicately tinted flowers; some are white, one on a single, fuzzy scape, preceding the leaves, which are just showing their woolly heads. I have found, also, the wood anemone (not common), with its white, star-like flowers of five petals. The dear, little bluets, or quaker ladies, can be found growing in masses on the hillside, or in the lowlands, tinted delicate lavender, shaded to white and with yellow centers, one flower on its fragile stem. Some flowers have tall stamens and short pistil and others just the reverse.

As near neighbors, I find the sweet white violets, with purple veinings, and sweet they are, in spite of their diminutive size. The downy yellow violet is closely associated with my early school days. The self-same roadside bank is the only place I know where to find them. Then, there is the more common blue violet, very numerous in its species. In conclusion, I will mention the twin flower, linnaea borealis, named for the great Linnaeus. The leaves, dark and shining, form a perfect carpet for the deliciously fragrant, tiny, nodding, bell-shaped, pink flowers. Certainly, Richard Jeffers struck the keynote when he said: "Sweetest of all things is wild flower air."

In my previous letter, I notice "or finches" was inserted in speaking of juncos. This was none of mine, for juncos are not finches, but are classed with sparrows. Florence A. Merriam, in Her Birds of Village and Fields, quotes Mr. Nehrling as saying in regard to the junco, "he is like all our native sparrows." Ralph Hoffman, in his Birds of New England and Eastern New York, classes them with the sparrows. They are also called snowbirds. This name must not be confused with snow bunting. The birds could not be, as they are very unlike.

A snowstorm this morning, April 9, drove flocks of juncos and song sparrows to seek food near the house. Nature lovers, let me hear from you.—Pine Tree, Cornish.

An imperfect postmark prevents me from telling whether the Cornish where Pine Tree lives, is in Maine or New Hampshire. Those bad postmarks are getting on my nerves. The ones who make them better watch out. I am something fierce when I get started.

Pine Tree—I inserted the "or finches." My authority is the Standard dictionary which says this: Junco. A North American finch. A snowbird; as the slate-colored junco. The same definition is given in the Century dictionary. I do not know whether dictionaries lie, or not.

The Linnaeus mentioned by Pine Tree was a celebrated Swedish botanist and naturalist who lived from 1707-1778. He was the founder of the Linnean system in botany.

Here endeth this chapter.—Elizabeth.

POETS' CORNER

In the Poets' Corner today, you will find verse designed for Memorial day recitations.

NIGHT AFTER SHILOH

From Sparks From the Campfire.

The darkness fell upon Shiloh,
The stars gleamed out in light,
And Heaven was full of glory,
Though the earth was full of night.
All over the field the soldiers lay,
Life after life ebbed slowly away,
Drop after drop of crimson stain
Dripped down on that battle-trodden plain,
And leader and private, side by side,
In silence suffered,—in silence died.

Some wandering night bird overheard
Some sighing wind from out the pines,
Were the only watchers of the dead;
And all was quiet along the lines,
All quiet! the dead, in their long rest,
The wounded, in anguish, unconfessed;
For hearts were strong, though life was faint,
With victory hushing each complaint;
The dying men were faithful and true
As ever in life, to the red, white and blue.

All quiet! What if thoughts fled away
To some fair home of love and rest?
What if each soldier, where he lay,
Brought round him the faces he loved the best,
A vision of dear ones, young and old?
Would their hearts break when his grew cold?
Was his so strong! Oh, pitying night!
Cover those faces so still and white!
Hide every throb of grief and pain—
Each quivering lip on that dreary plain;
Breathe softly, oh wind! on each poor brow—
There are no loved hands to fan it now—
No gentle fingers to wipe away
The battle stains of this bloody day.

In a little thicket of dark pine trees,
That sweetened and cooled the evening breeze,
A soldier lay. The heavy shade
Which pine tree branches above him made
Seemed to shut out both earth and sky—
All mortal love and heavenly eye.
Was he alone then? Could none hear
His smothered cry for home and friends?
That home among free northern hills,
Where voices of children at their play
Shouted and sang to the mountain rills!
The murmuring night-wind lends its ear,
The tall pine-tree above him bends,
And home and friends are far away.
'Mid heaps of wounded and of slain
He is alone on Shiloh's plain,
Not long alone: for, from afar,
Seen through a rift where the branches sway,
Beams out one single guiding star—

A beacon fire upon his way;
And warm celestial glory shines
Down through the shadowy, dreary pines.
The fading eyes grow strong and clear;
Home close at hand, with Heaven so near;
How short a step from night and time
To Heaven's immortal, sun-bright clime!
And what are griefs, or death, or pain,
Compared with Heaven's eternal gain?
His heart is stilled; that quick, wild beat,
Which yearned for home and friends once more,
Grows calm, his coming Lord to meet,
And triumphs, where it grieved before.
"I'm not alone. How can I be?
For Jesus now remembers me."
Then with a joyful, faltering tongue
The dying man broke forth and sung—
"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

Another heard it, where he lay
Bleeding his fair young life away,
Listened, with one unspoken cry,
For those he loved, to see him die,
Then caught the glory of the strain,
And gave the watchword back again—
"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, may all."

The sweet, faint echoes of the strain
Floated along dark Shiloh's plain,
Hushed many a sob—dried many a tear—
Told many a heart that God was near,
Until, amid the dying throng
Another Christian caught the song.
His stiffening wounds were all forgot,
It seemed as though he felt them not,
As, with slow accents, clear and sweet,
He laid his head at Jesus' feet—
"There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

The night came down upon Shiloh;
But through all the dusky night,
Soul after soul into glory
Went winging its homeward flight,
Their lives, for their country given,
In victory, ebbed away,
For Death himself was vanquished
Upon Shiloh's plain that day.

THE PHANTOM ARMY

By Bret Harte.

I read last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue—
Two hundred thousand men in blue,
I think they said was the number—
'Til I seemed to hear their tramping feet,
The bugle's blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a reverie sad and sweet,
And then to a beautiful slumber.

When lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely Capitol! On each hand
Far stretched the portico; dim and grand,
Its columns ranged like a martial band
Of sheeted specters whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.
The streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty mountain air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night wind seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping step to a muffled hum
Of a wailing and lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted bodies fill
The patriot graves of the Nation.
And there came the unknown, the men
Who died in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of the prison pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread
Nor a badge nor a motto brandished;
No mark—save the bare, uncovered head
Of the silent, grim Reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaultless sky;
With never a flower save those which lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.
So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long till the morning gray
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder—
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come; and I spoke—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

DECORATION DAY

By James Whitcomb Riley.

They say that Decoration Day is gin'rally observed
Most everywheres, especially by soldier boys that served;
But me and mother's never went, we seldom git away,
In pint of fact, we're allus home on Decoration Day.
They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A follerin' the old war tunes they're playin' on the band.
And citizens all j'inin' in, and little children, too,
All marchin' under shelter of the old Red, White and Blue.

With roses, roses, roses! everybody in the town,
And crowds of lovely girls in white, just fairly loaded down!
Oh, don't the boys all know it, from their camp across the hill?
Don't they see their com'rads coming and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh, can't they hear the bugle and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't there no way 'neath heav'n that they can rickolect us some?
Ain't there no way to coax 'em, through the roses, just to say
They know that every day on earth's their Decoration Day?

We've tried that, me and mother, where Elias takes his rest
In the orchard—in his uniform, and hands across his bre'st;
And the flag he died for, smilin' and ripplin' in the breeze
Above his grave, and over that the robin in the trees.

SLEEPING IN THEIR GRAVES FOR YOU

By J. C. O. Redington.

(Tune: Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.)

They are tenting today in their last camp ground.
Sleeping in their low, green graves;
See that everywhere o'er them the flowers abound,
O'er all the old flag waves.

REFRAIN.

Honor ye the martyrs who gave their lives for you,
Died at our country's call;
Gratefully bless ye the heroes in blue,
Glory is guarding all.
Sleeping today, sleeping today,
Sleeping in their graves for you.

Promptly they rallied forth, our country to save,
Freedom and union defend;
They insured that Old Glory o'er us should wave
Till time itself shall end.

Gallant boys, noble girls! the nation's pride today,
Deep in your hearts daily vow
That patriot love for our land have sway,
Rally 'round the old flag now.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

HOMESTEADING

Dear Readers—I have not seen a letter from this state, Montana, so I will write and say we have beautiful scenery, as well as in Virginia.

We are homesteaders. My husband has 160 acres of homestead, and the same number of acres of desert land. Our homestead is very level, with every foot plow land. From our house we have a fine view of the country. On the north are the Snowy mountains, only seven miles away. Then west, about 25 miles are the Belts. A little south of these, dimly outlined against the sky, are the Castles. Sixty miles southwest are the Crazy mountains; then south, 150 miles, are the Yellowstone mountains. On clear days we can see them very plainly.

This is supposed to be a good winter wheat country, but it remains to be proved, so, Elizabeth, here's hoping it is.

I've just finished churning. A tablespoon for dasher and a salad bowl played the part of a churn.

We have had a fine winter. During February and March there was only one day the men did not work outdoors. Can the Virginians do better?

Two years ago when we came here, we could count thirteen buildings around on the "Bench," now there are almost too many to count.

Are we lonesome? Of course not. When we get lonesome we roll our beds and go a-visiting. Honest.

New Year's eve we were invited out to spend the night and next day, so we rolled our bed and went. One family came with their blankets wrapped around them like Indians. We had a fine time. Games, candy, nuts, fruit and singing, kept us so busy we nearly forgot to watch old 1910 depart.

Oh, I've made this too long, but there are so many good things to say for our Treasure State.

Come and have the reunion in the ice cave, or if you prefer, we can climb to the spot of perpetual snow, on one of the Snowy mountains.—Lengthy, from Montana.

Please tell us some more.—Elizabeth.

ALFALFA AND MOUNTAINS

Dear Readers of The Blade—After reading several letters in The Blade, I decided to write one. I live in the west central part of Riverside county, California, in a place called Val Verde. I live on the largest alfalfa ranch in Perris valley. It consists of 420 acres. The alfalfa looks nice and green now and has been ready to cut for several weeks, but the owners of the ranch are going to let it go to seed.

In summer there are from 26 to 30 men working here. There are four irrigators to irrigate the alfalfa. There are two pumping plants on the place. One is 150 horse-power, the other is 200. There are more than 22 head of cattle on the ranch, also several pigs, turkeys, chickens, etc.

The valley is covered with wild flowers. For miles around you see flowers and mountains. We are nearly surrounded by the San Bernardino range. This winter they have been snow-capped most of the time. In summer many people go to the mountains, for hunting and camping. One of the peaks of the range called San Jacinto, was once a volcanic peak, but it is now extinct.

Riverside is surrounded by mountains and orange trees. The orange trees are blooming now and the scent is so sweet it sickens one.

As I have told you about the scenery I will tell you about our school. We drive a donkey named Judy most every day. We drive her hitched to a yellow car with red wheels, so you can see us when we are coming. She is a small donkey and is of brownish color and she can go when she wants to, and very slowly when she does not want to.

I shall be graduated from grammar school the first week in June. In September, I shall go to Perris Union high school.

Well, I must stop and go to school. I will tell you more next time.—Frances, Perris, California.

Thank you for your letter, Frances. I have handed your questions to the Question Bureau gentleman.

EXPECTS TO MOVE

We expect to move this spring to a house two rooms larger than the one we now occupy, and, while it is not nearly so convenient, and not at all as good a house as we are leaving, yet I hail with joy the added room. With three little ones, keeping a small house cleaned up is a big job for overtaxed hands.

"Pearl," I believe it's natural for noise to proceed from healthy youngsters' play, as my little flock nearly deafen me, too.

I enjoy the Peace Page. So sorry about the fire, but glad it was no worse. What would we do without our weekly visit with Elizabeth?

Piggie, how glad I am you explained your "nom." I hadn't liked it at all, but now it's all plain.

Ella B. Bolcom: I am wearing my summer hat its third season, but feel better in it than in a new one I could not afford. I tried one narrow skirt in a work dress. It is sufficient to say that I have not tried it again, as I am five feet six inches in height and weigh 130 pounds.

The M. G. R.'s do not escape me, either. In the years that elapsed when The Blade was not a visitor in our mail box, I lost track of some writers, but I see their names mentioned occasionally, and I enjoy the younger writers as though I were a girl myself, for my heart is still as youthful as ever.

—Nellie R. N—, West Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Beginning with this week, to continue indefinitely, you will find the M. G. R. Affairs, under the head, OUR CORRESPONDENTS. This page is a GET TOGETHER page. Take notice.

All letters for this page should have either Household Editor or Peace Editor, written somewhere on the envelope. Don't forget to remember this.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

AT the present time of writing, the sun is shining gloriously, all over Toledo. May it be shining as gloriously all over you.—Elizabeth.

In a letter recently received from a man-being, I am called this: "Mostly level-headed Elizabeth." It made me laugh, because I know it is good-naturedly intended. When I have time, I'll get a level and test my head to see where it is on the slant.

Those blurred and missing postmarks on the letters, are getting me nervous. They hold me up from doing the things I want to for you people. One way to get around this, is to always put your name and address in plain sight on your letters. It frequently happens I have something to say to you personally. You cannot be slack about anything without tripping up some one.

I wish I had a good picture of the sinful cat named Sinful Peck.

Anna Rhodes—Thank you for your letter and for sending your address. Some one wanted your address, but I have lost her.

All right, Buckeye Bill. You will see yourself in the paper one of these days.

Lela Sellers—Thank you for your wish to know me personally. That is exactly how you do know me. You find me every week on this page.

From one of our girls in Tennessee, you see is this: "I wonder how many of the M. G. R.'s like flowers. I do. I am certainly in for flowers. I have planted six new roses this spring.—Blue Rose."

Blue Rose wants to know what has become of the East Tennessee girl who called herself "Ada."

This from one of our littlest girls—"I love everybody and everybody acts like they love me. Isn't that nice?—Your little friend, Eva Griffith, Indiana."

We do not publish any stories of "killings" on this page. Not even bear killings. Bears will not eat you up if you let them alone. They have their rights as well as humans.

From Weiner, Arkansas, comes this news: "Everybody is putting in their rice now."

V. C. H., Weiner, Arkansas—If you care to, send us a picture of the rice mill. The card you sent, will not make a good, newspaper picture.

Puss of Allegheny County—We should like very much to have the tried and true things you mention.

One of our friends would like to have a recipe for black chocolate loaf cake.

All letters for this page, the PEACE PAGE, should have Household or Peace Editor, whichever you choose, written somewhere on the envelope. If we did not need to have you, we should not ask you.

WHEN I SAY

NOT often do I explain, but here is something I want you to read, mark, learn, inwardly digest and pass on.

When I say, "BE A BLADE BOOSTER" it is because I want YOUR WORDS, the words of my people, to be spread throughout the land. We are a vast company now. We need to be vaster. We are PEACE PROMOTERS, working for UNIVERSAL PEACE, working for these UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—working for THE WORLD.

You tillers of the soil, you followers of God, be PEACE PROMOTERS. Be BLADE BOOSTERS.

The WEEKLY BLADDE af all over the country, is a marching host, marching to victory.

This WILL come your way again, I salute you.—Elizabeth.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A WORKING GIRL

Dear Friends of The Blade.—I really think I can afford to drop a few lines in today. As I never have written before, I hope to see this in print. If so, I will call again some future day.

My brother has taken The Blade for nearly three years, and I think he intends to take it many more. The Blade is the most interesting paper I ever read and I think I should be lonesome if it did not come every week.

I am a working girl and it cheers me up to read such interesting letters. I am 17 years old, with brown, curly hair, and large brown eyes. I am five feet and a half tall.

I have worked out ever since I was thirteen years old, and I shall work, just as long as God sees fit. I think if we live up to His wishes, it will be well.

There are ten living children in our family; seven brothers and three sisters. Nearly all are grown up now. I don't think I have to work, but it is God's will that I shall do so. I am proud to say that I am a working girl. I will stop short, with health and best wishes to Elizabeth.—From Minnie, a New York Girl.

THE CYCLOPEAN TOWERS

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit a Virginia boy into your circle? I have not seen any letters from Virginia for a long time. We live in the western part of the Shenandoah Valley, along the Chesapeake and Western railroad.

The Cyclopean Towers are about one and one-half miles from us. There are two, about 100 feet high, and several smaller ones. They are made of limestone, and have caves at the base. Many people go there every summer on a pleasure trip. The land is very fertile around here, and the principal crops are corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley and potatoes. Fruits grow in this section very well, such as apples, pears, peaches and plums.

My father has been taking The Blade for about fifteen years, and I enjoy reading the letters from the M. G. R.'s very much. My age is 20, and I am six feet tall.

As this is my first letter to The Blade, I will not attempt to write too much. I would like to hear from some of the M. G. R. boys and girls.

Hoping this will not find the waste basket, I remain.—Paul A. Rumisel, Mt. Solon, Virginia.

SPRING SQUIBS

These little signs of the season are taken from recent letters written to this page. If you look, you may find yourself in this party.

This is a beautiful afternoon and we can heartily enjoy the bright sunshine.—Nora of West Virginia.

The mountains of Virginia are full of flowers, and a great many laurels grow near our home.—A Virginia Mountain Girl.

This is a beautiful day. House cleaning is on hand just now. I shall be busy for awhile.—Pearl E. Jackson.

Facts About Motherhood

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at the time of child-birth, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when the strain is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

It isn't as though the experience came upon them unawares. They have ample time in which to prepare, but they, for the most part, trust to chance and pay the penalty.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy, and strong.

Any woman who would like special advice in regard to this matter is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Her letter will be held in strict confidence.

No More Wrinkles
BEAUTIFUL BUST

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic by a New Discovery.

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever.

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method, which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

You can imagine her joy, when by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

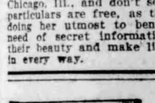
Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, her wrinkles vanished over night.

Miss Alice Dar writes, every blackhead and pimple has vanished forever.

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known the remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you absolutely free all she agrees, and will show our readers **how to remove wrinkles in 8 hours; how to develop the bust; how to make, long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; how to remove superfluous hair; how to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles; how to remove dark circles** under the eyes; how to quickly remove double chin; how to build up sunken cheeks & add flesh to the body; how to darken gray hair & stop hair falling; how to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite A-390, new No. 82-E, Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.



LADIES
WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

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Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving. **Results Guaranteed.**

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Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

Marry Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 180 S. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

MEANS DEADLOCK IN SENATE

Insurgents May Block Regulars Selection of Frye's Successor.

Washington, May 5.—The house was still hammering away today at the farmers' free list bill, while the senate ostensibly was idle. As a matter of fact, however, the senators were unusually busy. Many of the recently organized committees were at work and attempts were being made to get the senate machinery adjusted. The wheels of the upper legislative body have not been running with the old-time smoothness this session and the friction does not give great promise of diminishing in the near future.

A Republican caucus to select a president pro tempore of the senate to replace Senator Frye, who has given up the position because of ill-health, is expected on Monday, the day the senate is scheduled to meet. If the regulars do not name a senator acceptable to the insurgents the latter may put a candidate in the field and thus block a selection.

BULL RUN 50 YEARS AFTER

Blue and Gray to March Shoulder to Shoulder.

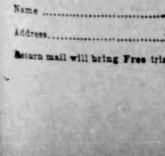
Washington, May 6.—"You Yank' and "Johnny Reb" will march shoulder to shoulder on July 1 over the battlefield at Bull Run.

The occasion will be the fiftieth anniversary of the first Bull Run battle.

Plans for the big reunion of veterans of the Blue and the Gray are under way, and it is expected that several hundred of each side will attend.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE STUART'S PLAS TR PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending — — a trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address



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PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 38, St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....

Address .....

Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.....

FIGHT TO OUST LORIMER

La Follette's Plan to Hit Whitewash Has Senators All Stirred Up.

Washington, May 6.—Members of the United States senate, ordinarily calm and unruffled, are excited by prospects of another bitter struggle over the right of William Lorimer, of Illinois, to hold his seat. The effort to oust Lorimer is to be renewed Monday.

Senator La Follette promises to shake the senate with a vehement speech demanding that its members purge that body from the suspicion of corruption. La Follette, it is stated, has uncovered new evidence upon which he has been working for weeks. This evidence, it is understood, is in addition to that uncovered by the special committee of the Illinois legislature.

The chief cause of excitement among the senators, however, is the understanding that Senator La Follette plans scorchingly to arraign the manner in which Lorimer was whitewashed by the senate in the closing days of the last session. There is the possibility of an effort to compel an inve tigation of the methods employed by the lobby that worked unceasingly for the vindication of Lorimer by the last senate. It is no longer a secret that there is more apprehension over the lobby phase of the present situation than whether Lorimer retains his seat.

The legislative bribery scandal in Ohio has had an indirect bearing on the determination to force another review of the Lorimer case. The Ohio scandal, anti-Lorimer senators say, has made it more than ever imperative for the senate to strike an effective blow at corruption.

A charge that the senate committee on privileges and elections deliberately was packed with a view to making possible a second whitewash of Lorimer is certain to be one of the startling features Monday. At the outset the entire struggle will center over the disposition of the La Follette resolution to make a second investigation. Lorimer senators are determined to send the resolution to the committee on privileges and elections. If they can accomplish this they believe the resolution will be smothered in committee.

A majority of the senate is in favor of the unseating of Lorimer, according to a poll. Yet the will of the majority probably will be denied if the resolution can be referred to the election committee. This committee was selected by Senator Gallinger, one of the most ardent Lorimer supporters in the last session. Of the committee of 15, seven old members last session, sustained Lorimer. The seven are Senators Dillingham, Gamble and Heyburn, Republicans; Bailey, Frazier, Johnston and Fletcher, Democrats. The new members who have been added to the committee and who voted for Lorimer last session are Sutherland, Bradley and Oliver, Republicans. The Republicans on the committee who are considered anti-Lorimer are Clapp, Jones and Kenyon, and the Democrats are Kern and Lea.

It is reported that President Taft has taken a hand in the game and has informed senate leaders that there should be a new investigation. The Lorimer senators frantically have been attempting to get some sort of an authoritative denial, but have not succeeded.

WOMEN'S FEET ARE LARGER

Outdoor Exercise Has Made Dainty Shoes a Rarity.

New York, May 8.—The feet of the American women are growing larger every year, according to the testimony of members of a New York shoe dealers' association. Their explanation is that it is because women are doing more walking and are going in for all sorts of outdoor exercise.

Manufacturers, it is declared, recognize that fact and are making larger shoes for them. The day of the 1-A or 1-AA shoe is gone, although many women could wear them a few years ago.

"You may remember," one of the speakers before the association said, "that there was a time when every woman's shoe was honestly marked with its size. That is not so long ago. Then women's feet began to get larger. A woman who used to wear a No. 2 shoe would not take a No. 3, no matter how comfortably it might fit. That drove us to marking shoes with a secret code. We had to do that to sell a shoe that fitted."

550 IN PANIC, 50 INJURED

Girls Flee at Cry of "Fire," and Plunge From Stairs.

New York, May 5.—The cry of "Fire!" which rang in the lofty building at 546-548 Broadway late yesterday threw 550 girls, employed in shirtwaist factories on the third and fourth floors, into a frightful panic. The fire was trivial, an awning blazing on the first floor—but 15 girls were injured and two score more bruised in the rush for safety.

A balustrade of the narrow stairway gave way between the third and second floors and 50 girls were pushed off the landing into a groaning, writhing heap.

"FAILURE," HE ENDS HIS LIFE

University of Illinois Professor Chokes Himself to Death.

Champaign, Ill., May 8.—Leaving a note that he was a failure in life, Prof. Fred Lemar Charles, assistant professor of agricultural education in the University of Illinois, committed suicide last night by strangling himself with a bookstrap. The professor adjusted the strap around his neck and pulled the end until he choked himself. Previously he had written this note to his wife:

"I have made a failure of life. Please overlook what I have done."

The university community yesterday ascribed the suicide to ill health rather than the cause Prof. Charles himself assigned. For six weeks he had suffered from insomnia and only recently he had been a sufferer from nervous prostration. He was 38 and leaves a widow and two small children.

DAUGHTERS OF REVOLUTION

Baltimore, Md., May 8.—Women from every state in the Union registered at the Hotel Belvedere today in anticipation of the opening of the twentieth annual meeting of the general society, Daughters of the Revolution. The business sessions of the gathering will begin tomorrow and will be followed in the evening by the annual banquet. The only officers to be elected this year are the members of the board of management, whose terms expire.

M'MANIGAL TELLS ALL

Then Smilingly, Silently Returns to His Cell at Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, May 5.—Ortie E. McManigal, who gave the information which caused his own arrest and the arrest of the two McNamara brothers on charges of dynamiting, appeared before the grand jury yesterday afternoon and furnished information upon which 21 grand jury indictments will be returned today.

One of the indictments charges McManigal with dynamiting the Llewellyn Iron works in this city on last Christmas morning. J. J. McNamara is charged with furnishing the funds and planning the plot to destroy the iron works here. Nineteen of the indictments which will be returned charge J. B. McNamara and J. J. McNamara with murder in connection with the Times disaster. The information upon which these indictments were returned was given by McManigal to the grand jury, and before a vote was taken by the jurors, several hotel registers were introduced as corroborating evidence. The new indictments will not take the places of the charges upon which the two McNamaras and McManigal were arrested.

Be Arraigned Today.

Although it has not yet been definitely settled as to which superior judge will try the cases, it is likely that the three prisoners will be given their arraignment this afternoon.

District Attorney Frederick explained to the jurors yesterday that in the first indictments against the three alleged dynamiters their correct names were not used. Because of this fact, more than anything else, it was pointed out, the new indictments should be returned.

McManigal was then called before the jury. He was interrogated by Charles Weir, foreman of the grand jury.

McManigal Tells All.

After giving his name and age, and stating that his testimony was being given voluntarily, McManigal recited how he met J. J. McNamara and J. B. McNamara. He then was questioned concerning the destruction of the Llewellyn iron works. McManigal reiterated his previous confessions in this regard and was then asked concerning the alleged statements made to him by J. B. McNamara concerning the destruction of the Times building.

McManigal was before the jury for about 40 minutes. When his interrogation was concluded, he walked smilingly from the grand jury room and was led across the "bridge of sighs" to his cell in the jail. He did not talk with the deputy sheriff who accompanied him. In his cell McManigal said that he told the grand jury the truth.

AGAINST FREE WOOL

Ways and Means Chairman Insists on at Least 5-Cent Duty.

Washington, May 8.—Nothing less than a duty of five cents a pound on raw wool will be acceptable to Chairman Underwood, of the ways and means committee, and the Democrats who stand with him in opposition to the free listing of that staple, and this duty is not to be accompanied by any proviso for its ultimate extinction through gradual reduction year by year. This is understood to be the greatest concession Chairman Underwood and his followers will make to the advocates of free wool, and it has been laid before the latter as a sort of ultimatum in the course of the frequent discussions of the matter that are going on from day to day among the Democrats of the house.

The supporters of free wool deny the truth of statements that have been made to the effect that a majority of the Democras have been won over to the position of Chairman Underwood and Speaker Clark. They say that the demand for the free-listing of wool still has behind it a majority of the house majority, and that the nine members of ways and means who stood for free wool in the committee have not changed their position.

But the conviction is strong that the outcome of the co troversy will be the acceptance by the Democrats in caucus of the best terms that are offered by Chairman Underwood, which will be a duty of about five cents a pound on raw wool. This will be a reduction from the present rate of more than 50 per cent, as the average duty on wool in the Payne-Aldrich act is figured to be about 11 cents a pound. It is believed the advocate of free wool finally will feel constrained to accept this arrangement because of the very determined attitude of their opponents.

Most of the Ohio and Indiana Democratic members will not listen to suggestions that wool be placed on the free list, and members from the southwest are equally uncompromising. These members declare frankly that, if the Democratic caucus shall insist on free-listing wool, they at once would claim exemption from being bound by the action of the caucus and would vote against the bill in the house. Rather than bring about this sort of condition it is believed all but the most extreme advocates of free wool will give way and accept the compromise offered by Chairman Underwood. It will be a couple of weeks yet before the ways and means committee will be ready to take final action on the matter.

YOU MUST GET A WINDCHECK

Aviation Has Coined a New Sporting Term.

Kansas City, Mo., May 8.—Aviation has developed a new noun—windcheck. Lieut. James P. Anderson, general representative of the International Aviators, claims credit for the term that means the same in the flying game as the raincheck does in baseball.

"When the wind tilts the monoplanes and the daring fliers refuse to dare we issue windchecks good for the next day," the lieutenant explained while at the Savoy hotel. "However, we have been compelled to give the return coupons only once since last October."

THREE-CENT RATE IN FLORIDA

Tallahassee, Fla., May 8.—In accordance with the agreement recently reached by the Louisville & Nashville railroad and the Florida railroad commission the railroad today reduced the passenger fares on its lines in this state to three cents a mile. The agreement is the result of several years' litigation.

DISFIGURED WITH SCALES

"Some time ago I was taken with eczema from the top of my head to my waist. It began with scales on my body. I suffered untold itching and burning, and could not sleep. I was greatly disfigured with scales and crusts. My ears looked as if they had been most cut off with a razor, and my neck was perfectly raw. I tried two doctors who said I had eczema in its fullest stage, and that it could not be cured. I then tried other remedies to no avail. At last, I tried a set of the genuine Cuticura Remedies, which cured me. Cuticura Remedies cured me of eczema when all else had failed, therefore I cannot praise them too highly. I believe Cuticura Remedies are the best skin cure there is." (Signed) Miss Mattie J. Shafer, R. F. D. 1, Box 8, Dancy, Miss., Oct. 27, 1910.

"I had suffered from eczema about four years when boils began to break out on different parts of my body. It started with a fine red rash. My back was affected first, when it also spread over my face. The itching was almost unbearable at times. I tried different soaps and salves, but nothing seemed to help me until I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. One box of them cured me entirely. I recommended them to my sister for her baby who was troubled with tooth eczema, and they completely cured her baby." (Signed) Mrs. P. L. Marberger, Drehersville, Pa., Sept. 6, 1910.

HOE BOOK SALE ENDED

One-Fourth of Library Disposed Of for Nearly One Million Dollars.

New York, May 6.—The Hoe library sale, at which single treasures of written and printed art have sold for a fortune, came to the end of its first quarter yesterday with nearly a million dollars realized. Three thousand five hundred books and manuscripts were disposed of, and the grand total for the 10 days reached $997,363.50. The record breaking price of all bookdom, $50,000, was brought by the Gutenberg Bible, sold to Henry E. Huntington, of Los Angeles.

Yesterday's sale developed the highest price ever paid for a bit of Americana when G. D. Smith, who has been buying for Mr. Huntington, paid $10,000 for a book by John Winthrop, printed at Boston in 1645. It is the "Declaration of Former Passages and Proceedings Betwixt the English and Narrowgansetts," and is the first book on an historical subject printed in America. Another interesting sale was $2,350, which Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, paid for a 10-volume edition of Walton's "Complete Angler."

Three-fourths of the great Hoe collection still remained to be disposed of in a series of sales to be held in November, January and March, and buyers predict that a total of $3,000,000 will be realized.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS IN RIOT

Police Restore Order at Women's Convention in Denver.

Denver, May 5.—The police yesterday afternoon ended a riotous session of the Royal Neighbors of America, who are in national convention at El Jebel Temple. The trouble arose over the election of officers. Strife between two factions, headed respectively by Mrs. Lina M. Collins, present supreme oracle of the order and candidate for re-election, and Mrs. Myra B. Enright, also a candidate, reached a crisis when Mrs. Enright moved for an immediate vote at the opening of the session. Mrs. Collins, who was presiding, ruled Mrs. Enright out of order. This brought nearly every one of the 350 delegates to their feet, all shouting at the top of their voices. A Boston delegate was recognized and moved that the woman who was out of order be ejected from the hall. The Enright adherents then began a demonstration, which continued for four hours, and was only ended when the squad of policemen arrived in answer to a summons sent in by telephone by some unknown person.

SUFFRAGE BILL PROGRESSES

Measure Passes Second Reading Stage in House of Commons.

London, May 6.—English women's enfranchisement took another step toward reality in the house of commons, when Sir George Kemp's bill conferring suffrage on women possessing what are known as household qualifications passed the second reading stage by a vote of 255 to 88 and was referred to the committee of the whole house.

Pressure will be brought to bear on the cab inet to obtain facilities for the passage of the measure. The suffragettes have promised to abstain from militant tactics if the government does not oppose their legislation.

The bill provides that married women shall not be permitted to vote in the same constituency with their husbands. It is calculated that such legislation would enfranchise 1,000,000 women.

INFIDELITY KILLS GIRL WIFE

Erring Husband Scored by Minister at Suicide Bride's Funeral.

New York, May 6.—"It was the infidelity and ingratitude of the husband that killed this girl. This has happened before and it will happen again; but this is the most pitiful case of the kind that I have ever heard of."

This was the denunciation heaped upon the head of Lawrence Holloway by Rev. John Wesley Hill, pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, today at the funeral services held over the body of Mrs. Edna Holloway, a bride of only 20 months, who killed herself with illuminating gas because her husband deserted her for a rich widow, who refused to give the man up even after besought by the young bride.

PASTOR REGRETS VOCATION

Without Pulpit, Says He Is Sorry He Ever Saw a Church.

Pittsburg, May 6.—"I have been a minister 20 years and I wish I had never set my foot inside of a church," were the words of the Rev. T. Wilson, of the Primitive Methodist church yesterday at the thirty-ninth annual session. He had quit his church at Newcastle, Pa., to accept the charge of the Philadelphia mission. The committee appointed by the conference to select a pastor reappointed the Rev. S. T. Nichols, instead, leaving Wilson without a charge.

DOXEY CASE TO COME UP

St. Louis, Mo., May 6.—Monday next has been set for the trial at Clayton of Mrs. Dora E. Doxey, the former Nebraska woman, who was acquitted of a murder charge in this city a year ago, and is now held for trial on a charge of bigamy. The latter charge grows out of her alleged marriage to William J. Erder, for whose murder she was later tried and acquitted.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., May 9.—Yesterday's government report on wheat was less bearish than expected because of the estimates on abandoned acreage. Lower cables proved the chief depressing feature and the market opened easy and about ¾c down all around. Scattered showers throughout the spring wheat belt was a bearish development. Toledo cash and May opened at 91¾c, July at 88¾c, and Sept. at 88½c. Early in the session the market was steady.

With factors of the early hours continuing to affect the market prices dropped, the following closes showing: cash and May ¾c down at 91¼c, July and September 1c lower at 88c

Corn opened unchanged with May at 54¾c, July at 54c and Sept. at 54½c. In the first half hour, the market drifted down ¼c.

Final corn values: Cash, May and Sept, 54¼c; July, 53½c.

Oats opened unchanged and steady at the following prices: May and July 35c, Sept. 33¾c.

Cash, May and July oats finished at 34½c, December at 33¾c.

Cash clover seed started 5c off at $9.50; Oct. and Dec. unchanged at $7.70, and March unchanged at $7.72½. Clover seed receipts were 80 bags against 48 a year ago. Shipments were 200 bags.

Cash closed steady at $9.50, but the futures were easier, October and December finishing 5c off at $7.65 and March 2½c off at $7.67½.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— May.	9. July.	8.
Cash	91¾	91⅞	....	....	91	92
May	91¾	91⅞	....	....	91¼	92
July	88¾	....	....	....	88	89
Sept.	88½	88¾	....	....	88	89
Corn—						
Cash	....	....	....	....	54½	55
May	54¾	....	....	....	54¼	54¾
July	54	....	....	53¼	53½	54
Sept.	54½	....	....	....	54¼	54½
Oats—						
Cash	....	....	....	....	34½	35
May	35	....	....	....	34½	35
July	35	....	....	....	34½	35
Sept.	33¾	....	....	....	33¾	35¾
Clover Seed—						
Cash	9.50	....	....	9.50	9.55	
Oct.	7.70	....	....	7.65	7.70	
Dec.	7.70	....	....	7.65	7.70	
March	7.72½	....	....	7.67½	7.72½	
Alsike—						
Prime	....	....	....	9.00	9.00	
March	....	....	....	8.00	8.00	

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	94	94½	93⅝	93⅝	94⅜
July	88	....	86½	86⅞	88¼
Sept.	87¼	....	....	86½	87⅝
Dec.	89⅜	89½	....	88⅝	89⅝
Year	85⅜	....	....	85½	86¼
Corn—					
May	52½	52⅝	52¼	52⅜	52⅝
July	51⅞	....	....	51⅜	51⅝
Sept.	52½	52⅝	52	52¼	52½
Dec.	50⅝	....	50	50¼	50⅜
Oats—					
May	32¼	....	....	31⅝	32
July	32	32½	31⅝	31⅞	32⅛
Sept.	31⅜	31⅝	....	31½	31⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	95⅝	....	....	95	95½
July	94⅞	....	....	93⅛	93

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	90⅜	....	....	90	91
July	85	....	....	84½	85¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	95⅜	98
July	....	....	....	96⅞	99¼

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	98¼	1.00⅛
July	....	....	....	98¾	1.01

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	16.25	16.30	....	16.30	16.40
July	15.05	15.10	14.92	15.02	15.07
Sept.	14.60	....	....	14.55	14.65
Lard—					
May	7.97	....	7.95	8.00	8.10
July	8.15	....	....	8.05	8.15
Sept.	8.26	....	....	8.12	8.25
Ribs—					
May	8.05	....	....	8.10	8.20
July	8.05	....	7.92	7.95	8.05
Sept.	7.97	....	....	7.87	7.87

New York Stocks.

New York, May 9, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com.	37	37	37	37
Atchison	110⅜	110⅝	110	110
Amal. Copper	63	63	62⅝	63
Am. Smelters	74¼	74⅜	74¼	74⅜
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	56½	56½	56	56
Am. Tel. and Tel.	149	149	149	149
Am. Cotton Oil	56	56	55⅝	55⅝
Am. Beet Sugar	47⅜	47⅜	47	47
Am. Biscuit	134½	135	134½	135
Blyn. R. Trans.	78⅞	78⅞	78⅝	78⅝
Canadian Pac.	233	234½	233	233½
Clover Leaf	19⅜	19⅞	19	19⅛
Ches. and Ohio	79⅛	79⅝	79½	79⅝
Central Leather	27⅛	27⅜	27⅛	27⅛
Consolidated Gas	144	144⅜	144	144⅜
Can. pfd.	86⅞	87⅛	86⅜	87
Corn Product com.	14⅜	14⅝	14⅜	14½
Distillers Sec.	35¼	35½	34⅝	34⅝
Erie com.	31¾	31⅞	31⅛	31⅜
Erie 1st pfd.	49	49⅛	48⅝	48⅝
Erie 2nd pfd.	38¼	38⅜	38⅛	38⅛
Gt. Northern pfd.	126⅞	127⅜	126⅞	127
Int. Harvester com.	128	128¼	126½	126½
Interborough com.	19⅝	19⅝	19⅛	19⅛
Interborough pfd.	53⅝	54⅛	53½	53⅝
K. C. Sou. com.	33¾	33⅞	33⅝	33⅝
Leclede Gas	105¼	105¼	105¼	105¼
Merc. Marine pfd.	16¼	16⅜	16⅛	16⅛
Missouri Pacific	49	49¼	49	49
M. S. M.	136⅛	137	136½	136⅝
M., K. & T. com.	32¼	32½	32¼	32½
North. Pacific	125¾	125⅞	125	125⅛
Nevada Con's.	52⅝	52⅝	52⅜	52⅝
Nevada Con's.	18⅜	18⅝	18⅜	18⅝
N. Y. Central	107¼	107½	107	107
Nickel Plate com.	59	59	59	59
N. & W. Con. 4's.	106⅜	106⅜	106¼	106¼
Penn. R. R.	122½	122⅝	122	122¼
Reading com.	154⅜	155⅜	154⅜	155
Rock Island	29⅜	29⅜	29⅜	29⅝
Rep. I. and S. Co.	30½	30½	30½	30½
Rep. pfd.	94	94	94	94
Reading 1st pfd.	87½	87½	87¼	87¼
South. Ry. pfd.	64⅞	65⅛	64⅞	64⅞
St. Paul	120¼	120⅜	119⅝	119⅝
South. Pacific	114⅜	114⅝	114¼	114⅝
Stoss-Shef. com.	50	50	50	50⅜
Tenn. Ry. & Lt.	74¼	74¼	74	74¼
Third Ave.	11⅞	11⅞	11⅞	11⅞
Texas Pacific	27½	27¾	27½	27¾
Tenn. Copper	37⅛	37⅛	37⅛	37⅛
Union Pacific	177⅜	177⅜	177	177⅜
Union Pac. pfd.	94⅜	94⅜	94⅛	94⅛
Un. Pac. Con. 4's.	105¼	105¼	105¼	105¼
U. S. Steel	74½	75	74⅜	74⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	118⅜	118⅜	118⅜	118⅜
U. S. Steel 5's.	106	106⅛	106	106⅛
U. S. Rubber com.	39½	39½	39¼	39½
Utah Copper	44⅝	44⅝	44⅝	44⅝
Virginia Chem.	59½	60⅛	59½	60
Western Md.	57¾	58⅛	57⅞	58¼
Wabash pfd.	36¾	36¾	36⅛	36¼
Western Union	74⅞	75	74⅝	74⅝

Money and Stocks.

New York, May 9.—(Wall Street.)—Trading on the stock exchange showed a tendency on the part of the active stocks to seek a lower level soon after the opening today, although hanges for the most part were slight. American Smelting and Virginia-Carolina Chemical were the largest losers, dropping ⅝. Some of the semi-active issues made good gains, among them being Canadian Pacific, which advanced 1½, and Western Maryland, which gained a point.

The bulk of the business of the first hour was accomplished within a range of a quarter, which illustrates the narrowness of the market. The early tendency favored a lower level, but there was a sufficient demand for various specialties to impart a slight degree of irregularity to the dealings. All of the fertilizer stocks showed renewed heaviness and there was a decided curtailment of yesterday's inquiry for the American Can issues. Interborough-Metropolitan shares improved about a point. The list was advancing all round at 11 o'clock.

Appearance of a fairly large demand chiefly from professional traders, strengthened the stock market today, and after a period of indecision early in the session, prices rose. The movement, however, resulted in only small gains, and the bull leaders were unable to command much of a following. United States Steel was absorbed freely, and crossed 75 and there were slight fractional gains in other recognized leaders. Speculation increased in some low priced stocks in which there is a community of interests, such as Erie and Southern Railway. These issues together with American Can and Interborough Metropolitan ruled higher and furnished a good proportion of the dealers. Bond market was dull and steady.

Business was of an extremely professional character, and the familiar expedient of bidding up particular stocks did not arouse any appreciable increase in outside interest. The rise in the standard stocks terminated after midday, but there were no recessions of consequence. United States Steel hovered close to its high level, although it is very generally believed that the tonnage statistics to be published tomorrow will show a material contraction from the previous month's figures.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, May 9.—Hog receipts were light, the market 5c to 10c higher and local packers bought freely. The close was active.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $6.10@6.15; good mediums, $6.20@6.40; heavy yorkers, $6.40@6.45; light yorkers, $6.40@6.50; good mixed, $6.25@6.35; bulk of sales, $6.20@6.45; good pigs, $6.40@6.50; stags and roughs, $4.50@5.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.75@6.00; good to choice, $5.75@5.90; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@5.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; prime export bulls, $4.50@4.75; good butcher bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bolognas, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.50@5.00; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.50@3.75; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; clipped, $5.00@5.40; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; lambs, choice, $6.00@7.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $6.00@6.50; fair to good, $5.50@6.00; common to light, $4.00@5.00; heavy and pailed, $3.00@4.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, May 9.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hog receipts, 15 cars; market higher; yorkers and mixed, $6.50; heavies, $6.10. Calves, $6.75. Lambs, $5.60. Cattle, $5.00@5.75.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 9.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 3,000; market steady; beeves, $5.00@6.50; Texas steers, $4.65@5.60; western steers, $4.80@5.60; stockers and feeders, $4.00@5.50; cows and heifers, $2.40@5.65; calves, $4.75@6.85. Hogs, receipts estimated at 13,000; market strong to 5c higher; light, $5.90@6.25; mixed, $5.85@6.20; heavy, $5.70@6.05; rough, $5.70@5.85; good to choice heavy, $5.85@6.05; pigs, $5.75@6.15; bulk of sales, $5.95@6.10. Sheep, receipts estimated at 15,000; market strong; native, $3.00@4.70; western, $3.20@4.75; yearlings, $4.50@5.50; lambs, native, $4.25@6.40; western, $5.00@6.50.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., May 9.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, two cars; market steady. Hogs, 10 cars; market strong; heavy, $6.40; yorkers and pigs, $6.70. Sheep, five cars; market steady; clipped lambs, $5.90@6.00; rearlings, $4.50@4.75; wethers, $4.25@4.50; ewes, $3.75@4.00. Calves, $4.00@6.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, May 9.—(By Live Stock Journal)—Cattle steady. Hog receipts light, 10c higher, heavy $6.25@6.30; mixed $6.40@6.50; mediums $6.70@6.75; yorkers $6.75; tights and pigs $6.75@6.80. Sheep firm, $4.25; top lambs $5.75. Calves strong $7 down.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 22½c; solid pack, 21½c.

Fresh butter—Per lb., tub, 18@19c; dairy, prime, 18c; packing stock, 13c; oleo, 12@18c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 12c; New York state, 13¼@17c; brick, 15c; limburger, 15@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, current receipts, 16½c.

Onions—Crystal wax, Texas, bu. crate, $2.25; yellow, $2.10@2.15; onion sets, white $1.50@1.75; yellow, 50@75c; garlic, lb., 10c.

Celery—Florida, crate, $3.25@3.50.

Lettuce—80c per basket; Florida, hamper, $2.25.

Rhubarb—Doz., 10@20c.

Peppers—Florida, case, $2.00.

Asparagus—Dozen bunches, $1.25; 2 doz. case.

$2.25; home-grown, lb., 10c.

Spinach—Bu., 60c.

Cucumbers—Home-grown, 80c@$1.00.

Beans—Wax, box, $2.00

ORDER AMERICANS TO SAFETY AS BATTLE IS RAGING ON THE BORDER

By the Associated Press.

El Paso, May 9.—A general engagement between the revolutionary forces of General Madero and the federals under command of General Navarro at Juarez is raging today, under a burning sun and a heavy fusillade of musketry and cannon.

The entire rebel army had broken camp during the night, and up to noon today were rapidly swarming into town.

The prospects of a rebel success are dependent on the ability of the federals to use their 12 machine guns within the town.

The insurrectos, it was reported, had silenced some of them, but this report has verification only in the fact that the federals were not shelling the insurrectos as extensively in the last few hours as they did earlier in the morning.

General Madero admitted today that he had given his consent to a general attack on Juarez, but explained that various circumstances had precipitated it.

Juarez Is Surrounded.

He declared reports which had reached him were that the federals had opened fire and that the men who had been reported as revolting against his lead had pursued them of their own accord, and could not relinquish their positions. He listened to the counsel of his chiefs, who advised a general attack and though he made an effort to arrange an armistice last night, it failed because of the progress the attack already had made. All the leaders have been acting under General Madero's orders. They have surrounded Juarez with their men, and prospects are that the battle will continue throughout the day without any decisive turn.

General Madero was at his headquarters receiving the reports from the front, and with him were the various political chiefs confident of an insurrecto victory.

Efforts of go-betweens to stop the fighting have failed because of the difficulty of handling the insurrectos who already had entered Juarez.

Force Way Into City.

General Navarro would have consented to an armistice if the insurrectos had evacuated the town and he told this to General Madero over the telephone early today, but the rebel chief by that time had given orders for a general attack, to reinforce the 200 brave men who had forced their way into Juarez despite the federal trenches, barricades and outposts.

Bullets poured into El Paso after the attack began at 4:30 a. m., but the United States troops kept sightseers three blocks away from the river front.

Privates Emilio Garcia and Cassiday, of the American legion with the insurrectos came to El Paso this morning to get food. They stated that 15 Americans already had been killed and wounded, and the rebel losses would probably reach 150 killed and wounded and that the federal loss was more than double that amount.

"In one trench I counted 47 dead federals and in another 38. They were stripped of most of their clothing."

Bring Stolen Gun.

Cassiday said that when the attack started yesterday there were possibly 150 insurrectos and that no reinforcements came until last evening. He also added that Villa Real had arrived from Ojinaga with reinforcements and two pieces of artillery. One, he said, was the famous "McGinty" stolen from El Paso.

Col. Garibaldi is in command of the so-called "American Legion" of insurrectos and they are fighting their way to the bull ring. The rebels have poured a stream of schrapnel and solid shot into the city. One of the guns is manned by United States and French artillerymen.

An American insurrecto named Anderson attempted to cross the Santa Fe bridge to El Paso, but was driven back by the United States troops.

At 7:30 this morning Col. Steever, in charge of the United States troops, issued orders not to permit any provisions to be taken across to the insurrectos. A wagon load of food was at the bridge for the rebels, but it was not permitted to cross. The insurrecto officers stated that they held the port of entry and that they had a right to bring food supplies to their men.

FIRING BY INSURRECTOS BEGINS AS DAY BREAKS

El Paso, Texas, May 9.—The firing by the insurrectos was begun by a small detachment of men stationed in an adobe house near the Stanton street bridge. With their machine gun levelled to sweep the main streets of Juarez they waited patiently for the first sign of dawn and opened fire. A United States soldier while off duty swam across the Rio Grande only an hour before the attack began and brought back with him two of the wounded insurrectos.

Wounded in El Paso.

Orders had been given not to allow the wounded to take refuge in El Paso but under cover of darkness the soldiers towed the two wounded men to shore and brought them to a hospital. One of the insurrectos had a bullet wound in his neck and the other a bullet hold in his leg. The soldiers declared that the detachment of men with the machine gun near the Stanton street bridge was ready to keep up a continuous fire all day as they had plenty of ammunition.

General Navarro is confident of holding Juarez, and military experts in town think he can do it. He has his two field pieces and cannon in an advantageous position in the town. He has 12 guns in all, three of which are in action on the outskirts of the town shelling the hills from which the main column of the insurrecto army must pass to enter the city, unless they decide to follow the river bank. This route is bound to draw heavy fire into American territory.

Americans Ordered Back.

Thousands of residents of El Paso for hours have been watching from roof tops and points of vantage. The United States troops have ordered everybody on the American side of the line to stay three blocks away from the river front.

Col. Villareal, the insurrector chief, is advancing on Juarez this morning from the east with 600 men fresh from the siege of Ojinaga, while General Rabago is advancing to Juarez with 1,000 federals, but a strong command has been assigned to oppose him, and Madero says he has no fear from that source.

REBELS ANNIHILATE FEDERAL POSSE AND SURROUND TOWN

Tijuana, Cal., May 9.—A detachment of 28 federal soldiers, who left Tijuana at midnight last night on a scouting expedition, has been annihilated by the rebels. Another detachment of 14 men which left the Mexican camp at the same time has not been heard from and it is believed they have met the same fate.

Early today the revolutionist forces had completely surrounded Tijuana and the federal defenders have been driven into the bull ring. It is believed the town will be captured.

No authentic reports of the dead on either side are obtainable. Hundreds of Americans in automobiles lined the border watching the night fighting.

WHITE ELEPHANT MAN DIES

Creator of Barnum Freak Passes Away After Unusual Career.

Chicago, May 8.—The man who "created" for the late P. T. Barnum the only white elephant in the world, is dead. The career of Louis M. Hedges, pioneer circus and museum manager, who devoted a half century in helping develop the great amusement industries of the United States, ended Sunday.

Death came after several weeks' illness, due to hardships and exposure in the late early "wagon days." Mr. Hedges began his circus life with the Barnum show nearly 50 years ago. To his fertile mind were due many of the sensational "features" that made Barnum famous and developed his show from an unpretentious wagon train to one of the big American circuses.

One of the most whimsical hoaxes ever perpetrated was Hedges' white elephant. He and Barnum were discussing elephants one day many years ago.

"A white one," said Barnum, "would be worth his weight in rubles."

"We'll have one tomorrow," promised Hedges.

And with a bucket of white paint that night the white elephant was produced. He soon died, but the memory of the creature has outlived the man who painted him.

FIVE AMERICANS HAVE BEEN KILLED BY BULLETS.

El Paso, Tex., May 9.—To the north of the Rio Grande five Americans are dead, slain by bullets from across the international line. Many other Americans were wounded by stray bullets, some in the very business heart of El Paso. When the bullets began to fall like hail in the streets of El Paso, Colonel Steever, in command of the Fourth United States cavalry, sent couriers to Generals Madero and Navarro bearing this message:

"In the name of the President of the United States I hereby protest against men under your command handling their arms in such a way that bullets fall into United States territory, as is happening today."

But the bullets continued to fall and last night Colonel Steever wired to Washington for instructions.

NOW CERTAIN THAT MADERO SANCTIONED JUAREZ ATTACK

El Paso, May 9.—Evidence accumulated throughout the morning that the attack on Juarez was being made by the entire insurrecto army, with the sanction of Francisco I. Madero, provisional president. Madero did not countenance the attack yesterday. It was started by federal and insurrecto outposts. Some of Madero's leaders say today that drunken Juarez volunters fired on insurrecto sentries first.

General Navarro declares the insurrectos opened fire while he and Madero were negotiating an armistice. After the fighting opened, rebel recruits continued to join the fighters, despite Madero's protest. Madero made efforts to stop the fighting, and the insurrectos, his own men, fired on a messenger he sent with a white flag.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Madero ordered the attack. At 4:20 he recalled his order. At 6 he harangued his troops to quit. At 9 last night he declared he was attempting to stop the fighting. At midnight he announced that he had given permission for the attack. At 3 this morning he demanded the surrender of Juarez. At 4:30 o'clock this morning the general assault began, with his sanction.

There was no armistice last evening. Madero explains the attack on Juarez merely by declaring that "it is the only thing to do." His leaders throughout yesterday begged him to allow them to go to the rescue of their comrades, fighting in Juarez.

In his proclamation of Sunday Madero admitted that it was with difficulty that he was able to restrain his leaders from attacking Juarez. It is generally considered here that he did not have the power to stop the fight, and was forced to give it his approval. He has not technically violated any armistice, for none had been concluded.

FREE LIST BILL PASSES HOUSE

Wins by Partisan Vote of 236 to 109 After Two Weeks' Debate.

Washington, May 9.—The farmers' free list bill was passed by the Democratic majority in the house shortly after 10 o'clock last night by a vote of 236 to 109. There was no break in the solid line-up of the Ohio Democrats for the bill.

The Republicans of Ohio also voted solidly with their party against the measure. The Republican minority did not stand together and 23 of the Republicans, the majority of them out and out insurgents, joined with the Democrats in putting the measure through.

The vote terminated a debate which has extended over the greater part of two weeks.

During the protracted debate upon the measure hundreds and hundreds of pages of oratory for home consumption has been uttered on the floor. The argument has been partisan in the extreme and Republicans who voted with the Democrats did so tonight because they argued against the Canadian reciprocity bill in the belief that it did the farmer an injustice.

Minority Leader Mann tried all sorts of parliamentary tricks during the day to amend the bill, but without avail. Over one hundred Republican amendments were rejected. The Democrats were put on record many times for inconsistency, but they took it good naturedly. Chairman Underwood, of the ways and means committee, worked the Democratic steam roller until he had ironed out all opposition.

The farmers' free list, according to the Democrats, is intended to compensate the farmer for any disadvantage he might suffer from the Canadian reciprocity agreement by placing on the free list a long list of articles consumed by the farmer. It has been charged that the bill is aimed to create political capital.

DIAZ RESERVES RIGHT TO SAY WHEN RESIGNATION SHALL BE GIVEN.

Mexico City, May 8.—General Porfilcia Diaz last night issued a manifesto to the people of Mexico declaring his intention to resign the presidency as soon as peace is restored. In this manner the President has virtually acceded to the demands of Francisco L. Madero that he make announcement of such intention.

As to when peace is actually restored, General Diaz reserves the right to be the judge. In the words of the manifesto, it will be "when, according to the dictates of my conscience, I am sure that my resignation will not be followed by anarchy."

The President declared that his determination not to relinquish the presidency at this time was not due to vanity or love of power, but because, as he pointed out, power at this time had no attraction, accompanied as it is by tremendous responsibilities and worry. He said he was prompted solely by a desire to conserve the best interests of his country.

MULE HAS A FIT, THAT'S ALL

Professor Has Brand New Theory About the Kick.

London, May 9.—Prof. Wyndham Cottle of the Royal College of Surgeons, says that long continued painful emotion in a mule, such as fear or anger is translated into actual, if temporary paralysis. In this announcement the professor is publicly backed up by Dr. R. Cunyngham Brown of the Isle of Wight.

These two investigators, who are prominent members of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, assert that what is commonly considered as "cussedness" in a mule is simply a sort of cataleptic state into which the poor animal has fallen through fright or indignation. The beast does not balk intentionally, and there is no malice in the kick it so often delivers when in this unfortunate and regrettable condition. Often the kick puts whoever gets in the way into a state of paralysis or catalepsy.

Gentle treatment, kind words, perhaps a bit of sugar, are the best ways for restoring a distracted and irresponsible mule to its normal state.

SEW HEART BETWEEN BEATS

Surgeons Take Five Stitches to Save Stab Victim.

Philadelphia, May 9.—Five stitches were taken in the heart of James L. Donnelly, 30 years old, by the physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital to close a two-inch stab wound yesterday morning. The wound was made by a penknife and such force had been used that one rib was severed and the left lung punctured.

The operation was a most dangerous and difficult one, the stitches being taken between beats of the heart. The man is still living, but he is in a precarious condition.

MR. ROCKEFELLER ECONOMIZES

Changes Plan to Enlarge Home to Less Expensive Method.

Tarrytown, N. Y., May 9.—The removal of a three-ton cement cap on one of the massive chimneys on John D. Rockefeller's mansion, at Pocantico Hills, has proved so difficult Mr. Rockefeller has decided not to disturb it, but will change the plans which provide for raising the roof so that 10 additional rooms can be added to his home.

Mr. Rockefeller now plans to raise the eaves and let the roof flatten as the house is now. This will prove less expensive.

MEXICO AFFAIR IS TOPIC IN CABINET

President Taft and His Advisors Devote Time to Trouble on Border.

Washington, May 9.—The cabinet devoted most of its time to the Mexican situation today.

Confidential dispatches and unofficial information that the fighting at Juarez had been renewed were discussed at length by President Taft and his advistors. The intelligence was admitted to be alarming, but the President and the cabinet still hoped for developments which will bring about peace.

That the American military commanders on the border had become restless and apprehensive as th situation at Juarez developed and were desirous of taking more radical steps to prevent the killing of Americans on their own soil was indicated today by their applications for modified orders.

Must Be Neutral.

But all such requests have brought renewed instructions to abide strictly by the policy laid down from the beginning: To preserve the strictest kind of neutrality; to keep the American soldiers out of Mexico and to endeavor to move American civilians to places of safety. In matters of detail much is still left to the discretion of the American commanders.

The refusal of Col. Steever to permit men wounded in the fighting on the Mexican side to be brought to El Paso for treatment was a result of the objection of the Mexican government. During the fighting at Agua Prieta the wounded were admitted to Douglas on the American side and the use of the hospitals in that town was freely offered to each side.

Mexico Objects.

It was on that occasion that the Mexican government signified its objection. In the event of either side sustaining a defeat so severe as to impel the men to flee into the United States for refuge, it is probable that Colonel Steever would exercise his own discretion as to whether they should be permitted to cross the river although if he should decide in the affirmative, the soldiers would be disarmed and held temporarily as prisoners.

Secretary of War Dickinson read a number of dispatches from Colonel Steevers to the cabinet. A paraphrase of the formal reply of General Madero to Colonel Steever's protest against firing by the Madero forces into United States territory attracted particular interest. General Madero hastened to make known that he greatly regretted such firing and that he had taken all measures to avoid a repetition of the incident.

NO TRIAL FOR MRS. SCHENK

Prosecutor Gets Postponement Now Until September Term.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 6.—The second trial of Mrs. Laura Farnsworth Schenk, charged with attempting to murder her husband by administering poison, was continued today until the September term, on motion of District Attorney J. Bernard Handlan. It was reported that the indictments very probably will be dropped.

SOUTH ATLANTIC SANGERFEST

Atlanta, Ga., May 6.—Atlanta is in holiday attire for the fifth annual sangerfest of the South Atlantic League of German Societies, which convenes here tomorrow.

Arriving trains today brought thousands of delegates and visitors to the city from Jacksonville, Montgomery, Pensacola, Tampa, Macon, New Orleans, Athens, Birmingham, Memphis, Mobile, Charleston, Chattanooga and other points.

GIVES WIFE TO OLD SUITOR

Kalamazoo, Mich., May 5.—John H. Baker has asked for a divorce so that his wife, Clara, can marry a former sweetheart. Baker said his wife is right in her desire to leave him, and he does not blame her. "I know she will be happier, and that is my first wish," he told Judge Knappen. The Judge ordered the prosecuting attorney to investigate the case.

The Bakers have been married six years and have four children. Baker wants the mother to have them and offers to pay for their support.

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ORDERS RIOTING SUPPRESSED

Secretary Fisher Acts Promptly on Alaskan Troubles.

Washington, May 6.—On receipt of the news of the rioting at Cordova, Secretary of the Interior Fisher yesterday telegraphed to Governor Clark, of Alaska, who is now at Chaplin, Conn., directing prompt suppression of lawlessness.

Secretary of the Interior Fisher has answered by mail the cablegrams which were sent to President Taft by the citizens of Katalla and Cordova, Alaska. In his reply to these messages he says he is studying the situation, and will render such relief as he can as soon as possible.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS END COUNT

Mrs. Enright Is Made Head of the Order.

Denver, Colo., May 8.—The supreme officers of the Royal Neighbors of America elected Saturday are:

Supreme oracle—Myra B. Enright, Kansas City, Kan.

Supreme vice oracle—Bettie Hubbell, Fowler, Colo.

Supreme recorder—Hada Burkhart, Rock Island, Ill.

Supreme receiver—Carrie Franklin, Albany, N. Y.

Supreme chancellor—Mrs. Gregett, South Dakota.

Supreme marshal—Pearl Morgan, Elizabeth, Ky.

Counting of the ballots was not completed until early Sunday morning.

VENUS' CLIMATE LIKE OURS

Astronomer Declares Planet Is Probably Inhabited.

Columbia, Mo., May 4.—Dr. T. J. J. See, the noted astronomer, in an address to the students of the University of Missouri, said that Venus was habitable and that it was possible and in keeping with all the laws of nature that it was inhabited. "The conditions on Venus are such," he said, "that a man can live there all right. The atmosphere and climate are almost the same as here on earth."

SHE HAS BURIED 19 CHILDREN

Trenton Woman Unable to Raise Offspring.

Trenton, May 6.—Mrs. Michael Hornyak, a middle-aged woman, has borne 19 children, not one of whom is living. Mrs. Hornyak has been married twice and is in the best of health, but she seems unable to raise any of her little ones. The oldest lived 9 years, but died as a result of being burned some time ago.

AN ARMY TO ENFORCE MORALS

Two Kansas Counties Incline to Reform by Military Rule.

Pittsburg, Kan., May 9.—That military rule will be established in Pittsburg and in Crawford county within the next 10 days unless the prohibitory law is enforced by local authorities, was the declaration made here yesterday, at a mass meeting, by John S. Dawson, state attorney general.

The law against the operation of theatres on Sunday was obeyed. Not an amusement house was open. Cigar stores, soda fountains and confectionery stores did a flourishing business, however. County officials announced that every violator of the Sunday labor law would be arrested.

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GROUP CAPITOL FOR ALBANY

New Structures to Form a Quadrangle Around Old Statehouse.

Albany, N. Y., May 6.—Ambitious plans for the architectural development of Capitol Hill, where the magnificent New York state capitol was swept by flames a few weeks ago, have been approved by the state architect and are now before the state trustees of public buildings for their approval.

The plans involve the expenditure of about $9,000,000 on various improvements. The scheme contemplates the rebuilding of the wrecked portion of the capitol and the erection nearby of six departmental buildings.

"When this group is completed," the state architect says, "it will form with the capitol, state education building and court of appeals, a quadrangle, which architecturally will be second to none in the world."

The six buildings planned are to house the courts, the militia departments, finance departments, hall of records, conservation department and technical departments. The cost of the improvement is to be met through a long term bond issue.

NIGHT MASS IN BIG CATHEDRAL

New York, May .—A large gathering of clergy and laity will fill St. Patrick's cathedral an hour or so before sunrise tomorrow morning to attend a solemn pontifical mass, the first ever celebrated at that time of day, or rather night, in the big Fifth avenue church edifice. The occasion will be the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of an early morning mass for newspaper men and other night workers.

ANGRY DUMB MAN CURSES

Fined, He Swears, First Speech for Ten Years.

New Rochelle, N. Y., May 6.—So enraged was Albert Allen, a deaf and dumb soap peddler, when Judge Samuel F. Swinburne fined him $10 this morning for peddling without a license that he swore. He was astonished at recovering his voice that he stared wildly at the judge, then, without waiting to apologize for the cuss words, he threw down a ten-dollar bill and rushed from the court room, shouting and laughing, leaving his pack of soap behind.

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1323 Spring Zephyrs Gavotte, *Friedman*
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1325 Robins' Call, *Friedman*
1275 Simple Simon, March and Two-Step, *Simpson*
1276 Little Jap, Characteristic Two-Step, *Wenrich*
1315 Post Horn Sounds, *Behr*
1272 Moonlight Fancies Waltzes, *Ryder*
1307 Alice, *Streabbog*
1210 Woodland Waltz, *Metcalf*

NEW FOUR HAND PIECES.

1390 New Christian Endeavor March, *Walter*
1391 Love's First Whisper, *Friedman*
1392 Sunset Meditation, *Sawyer*
1393 High School March, *Spencer*
1394 Dreamland of Love Waltzes, *Sawyer*

A FEW OF OUR STANDARD FAVORITES

1326 My Old Kentucky Home, *Grobe*
1327 Gondellied, (Barcarolle) *Oesten*
1328 Angel's Dream, *D'Orso*
1331 Nearer My God to Thee, *Turner*
1330 Bell in the Valley, *Wenzel*
1332 Harp at Midnight, *Aubert*
1333 Bobolink, Schottische, *Becht*
1340 Cedar Brook Waltz, *Perry*
1211 Dixie's Land, *Grobe*
1217 Music of the Union, (American Melody), *Grobe*
1209 Evening Bells, *Eilenberg*
1133 Marching Through Georgia March, *Sawyer*
1014 Patriotic Melody, *Walter*

FAVORITE TRANSCRIPTIONS, MEDLEYS, ETC.

1071 Lead, Kindly Light, *Ryder*
1063 Flee as a Bird, and Abide With Me, *Ryder*
982 Nearer, My God, to Thee, *Zeller*
960 Old Black Joe, *Walter*
1072 Sacred Song Medley, *Fearis*
951 Mocking Bird, *Zeller*
1073 La Sorella, *Borel-Clerc*
1025 Chicago Express March and Two-Step, *Wenrich*
1029 Scottish Belles Waltzes, *Ryder*
1039 My Mother's Prayer, *Belden*

NEW SONGS.

1374 Marching Thro' Georgia, *Work*
1375 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground, *Kittredge*
1376 Just Before the Battle, Mother, *Root*
1377 Thy Will be Done, (Sacred) *Ashley*
1378 In Thy Hands, (Sacred) *Ashley*
1385 Dixieland, *Emmett*
1388 Like a Lily That's Drawn From the Whirlpool, *Stanley*
1389 Do You Love Me As You Loved Me Long Ago, *Stanley*
1395 Let Me Kiss You Little Dearie, *White*
1396 I've a Longing Dear For You and Home Sweet Home, *Gillispie*

PATRIOTIC MEDLEYS, VARIATIONS, MARCHES, ETC.

963 Maryland, My Maryland, *Lewis*
1036 Plantation Melodies, *Walter*
1014 Patriotic Medley, *Walter*
994 Flag Day March, *Kimball*
641 Holiday March, *Kimball*
964 Dixie, *Lovin*
1133 Marching Thro' Georgia, *Sawyer*
1190 Western Flyer March and Two-Step, *Morton*
1120 New Christian Endeavor Grand March, *Walter*
1122 Masonic Parade March, *Walter*
1343 Boots & Saddles March, *Ashley*
1360 Call of the Bugle March, *Mack*
1351 Boys in Blue March, *Bartell*
1354 Blue and the Gray March, *Barrett*

SUMMER SCENES

A Collection of Easy Grade Teaching Pieces by Harold Spencer.

1244 Up With the Larks
1245 Flower Dance
1246 Vacation March
1247 Harvest Moon March
1248 Four-Leaf Clover Waltz
1249 Appletree Swing Waltz

CHILDREN AT THE CIRCUS

A Set of Six Easy and Pretty Pieces by J. DeLancy

1285 Circus Parade March
1286 Feeding the Monkeys, Schottische
1287 Mr. Lion's Waltz
1288 Peanuts and Popcorn Two-Step
1289 Ride on the Camel March
1290 Elephant's Waltz

A FINE LIST OF TEACHING NUMBERS

900 Purple Pansies Waltz, *Fearis*
1035 Red Geraniums March, *Fearis*
1031 Nodding Daisies, *Fearis*
1034 Stately Hollyhocks March, *Fearis*
1030 Blush Rose Waltz, *Fearis*
1033 Moon Flowers Nocturne, *Fearis*
1132 Field Flowers Waltz, *Spaulding*
1107 Sweet Forget-Me-Not, *Sawyer*
1218 Falling Leaves, *Moeller*
1121 Dying Poet, *Gottschalk*
1367 Black Beauty Walz, *Moulton*
1342 A Summer Breeze Waltz, *Ashley*

IMMENSELY POPULAR MARCHES, TWO-STEPS AND WALTZES

1303 School March, *Spencer*
1304 High School March, *Spencer*
1277 Keep Step March, *Kimball*
1312 Chicago March, *Sawyer*
1295 Across the Ocean, *Wenrich*
1296 Westward Ho! March and Two-Step, *Wenrich*
1251 Happy Hunting Grounds, Indian Intermezzo and Two-Step, *Sawyer*
1171 Blue Eyes Waltzes, *Ashleigh*
1292 Dreamland of Love Waltzes, *Sawyer*
1252 Woodland Dream Waltz, *Fearis*
1318 Myrtle's Valtse, *Wachs*
1348 Wreath of Roses Waltz, *Hudson*
1362 Fairy Land Waltz, *Hudson*

EVERY PIECE IN THIS LIST IS TREMENDOUSLY POPULAR

1311 Glow Worm, *DeLancy*
1305 Witches' Dance, *DeLancy*
1243 Edelweiss Glide Waltz, *Vanderbeck*
1242 Petitetonkinoise, Two-Step, *Scotts & Christine*
1339 Message of Love, Polka, *Sudds*
1316 Grand Russian March, *Francis*
1220 Woodland Echoes, *Wyman*
1167 Music Among the Pines, *Wyman*
1004 General Grant's Grand March, *Mack*
1003 Starlight Waltz, *Brainard*
1165 Merry Widow Waltz, *LaSalle*
1166 Waltz Dream Waltzes, *Oscar Strauss*

MUSIC FOR PLAYERS OF ALL AGES

1085 Jingle Bells, *Fearis*
1076 Mountain Belle Schottische, *Kinkel*
746 Beautiful Evening Star, *Holst*
741 Orphan's Prayer, *Zeller*
1074 Flowers of Spring, *LaFarge*
1066 By the Fireside, *Fearis*
1196 Gleaming Waters, *Kimball*
1094 Sunlight on the Waterfall, *Spaulding*
1093 Golden Twilight, *LaFarge*
1212 Twilight Reverie, *Guy*
1386 Chanticleer March, *Kimball*
1358 Indian Summer Intermezzo, *Moulton*

FINE SONGS, SECULAR AND SACRED.

1341 Ciribiribin, *Pestalozza*
1339 'Neath the Blue Kentucky Skies, *Knight*
1302 When You and I Were Young, Maggie, *Butterfield*
1301 Say Not Farewell, *Millard*
1294 If Ev'ry Star's an Angel, *Knight*
1279 When the Silver Moon Shines O'er the Lake, *Fanning*
1735 Hurrah for Good Old Santa Claus, *Sawyer*
1280 A Girl Like You Would Do for a Boy Like Me to Woo, *Wenrich*
1281 Where the Morning Glories Twine About the Cabin Door, *Stanley*
1227 In Heavenly Love Abiding, *Jerome*
1194 In Joy Triumphant Praise the Lord, *Ashleigh*

BALLADS FOR EVERYBODY

1228 Abide With Me, *Jerome*
1060 Where the Sweet Kentucky Flows, *Berners*
1015 My Home and Sweetheart Down in Dixie, *Marion*
1013 On the Old Virginia Shore, *Gabriel*
967 Secret of the Violet, *LaFarge*
966 In the Sweet Bye and Bye, *Bingham*
1017 Down by the Old Garden Gate, *Rheinhold*
1225 The Pirate, *Petrie*
1229 Where the Ivy Leaves Grow Close Beside the Door, *Johnston*
1273 Day That You'll Forget Me, *Stanley*
1283 They Are Waiting For Your Coming Day by Day, *Marion*

1357 Golden Sunset Reverie, *Barrett*
1359 Autumn Leaves Reverie, *Mack*
1373 Vacation Time March, *Hudson*
1356 Eventide Meditation, *Grady*
1349 Love's Message (Flower Song) *Kimball*
1357 Roosevelt March, *Percy Wenrich*

SOME OF OUR MOST POPULAR EASY PIECES.

634 My Mama's Waltz, *Streabbog*
635 My Papa's Waltz, *Streabbog*
637 At School March, *Streabbog*
654 Rocky Glen Two-Step, *Streabbog*
985 Happy Hours, *Streabbog*
984 Step by Step March, *Streabbog*
1070 Waltz of the Snow Flakes, *Fearis*
1068 Jolly Jack Frost Polka, *Fearis*
1069 Skater's Two-Step, *Fearis*
1067 Throwing Snowballs March, *Fearis*
1379 Sweet Flowers Waltz, *Spencer*
1382 Off to the Picnic, Two-Step, *Spencer*
1380 In the Hayfield March, *Spencer*
1381 Picking Cherries Waltz, *Spencer*
1383 Going Fishing Two-Step, *Spencer*
1384 By the Brookside Reverie, *Spencer*

PIECES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

1083 Katie Waltz, *Fearis*
1082 Dorothy Polka, *Fearis*
1081 Gladys Waltz, *Fearis*
1084 Anna March, *Fearis*
1078 Bessie Polka, *Fearis*
1080 Frances Waltz, *Fearis*
804 Robin's Greeting Polka, *Fearis*
1077 Falling Waters, *Proax*
1065 The Snow Man Waltz, *Fearis*
1002 Sack Waltz, *Metcalf*
1350 Dreams at Sunset, Idyl (*Kimball*)

THESE PIECES ARE ALL THE RAGE.

1334 Ciribiribin Waltz, *Pestalozza*
1239 Barn Dance, *Sawyer*
1240 Heavenward, Marche Celeste, *Vilbre-Kinkel*
1337 Convent Bells Reverie, *Bollman*
1313 Wandering Sprite, *Engelbrecht*
1336 Robin's Departure, *Fisher*
1338 Queen of the Night, *Wilson*
1310 Waltzing Doll, (Poupee Valsante) *Poldini*
1309 Dream of a Bride, *Wenzel*
1306 In Twilight, Melody, *Ganschais*
1317 Voice of the Heart, *Van Gael*
1319 Redemption Polka, *Hefer*

BEAUTIFUL REVERIES, MEDITATIONS, TRANSCRIPTIONS, ETC.

1274 Sunrise, Reverie, *Sawyer*
1278 Sunset, Meditation, *Sawyer*
1297 Bright Star of Heaven, *Kimball*
1284 Love's First Whisper, *Friedman*
1293 When the Lights Are Low, *Sawyer*
1282 Angels of Paradise, *Ryder*
1251 Evening Shadows, *Sawyer*
1298 Love's Golden Dream, *Sawyer*
1300 When You and I Were Young, Maggie, *Sawyer*
1299 Say Not Farewell, *Sawyer*
1308 Romance Sans Paroles, *Streabbog*

FINE TEACHING NUMBERS

1320 Dream of the Dance, *Friedman*
1321 Golden Days, *Friedman*

We will send you any piece of the above, of your own selection, for only 10c. Any five pieces for 50c; any 10 pieces for $1.00. Please note that these are fixed prices. Each piece of music is complete and will cost 10c each, but really worth much more. **SPECIAL OFFER:** We will send any three of the above pieces, also Everyday Life for one year, on receipt of only 40c. Any five pieces and Everyday Life for two years on receipt of 60c. Any ten pieces and Everyday Life for three years on receipt of $1.10. Take advantage of this liberal clubbing offer and get our fine magazine and your sheet music at our liberal club rate. Address

Everyday Life, Music Dept. 552 Chicago

Rare Dickens Volume.

The Strand.

Here is a chance for the book hunter who turns over the odd volumes on a roadside stall or in an outside box marked "All these 2d each." There is in existence a little book containing three very rare and early productions of Charles Dickens—Sketches of Young Couples, Sketches of Young Gentlemen, and Sunday Under Three Heads.

The volume containing these three slight things, which are not now included among Charles Dickens' works, was written in 1838 and is worth about £25. It is quite possible that someone who reads these words may possess one or more of these three little pieces by Dickens, and if so let him count his possession as a valuable one.

These finds do still happen. Only a few years ago, and within my own knowledge, an original copy of the first edition of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was included by a local auctioneer among a miscellaneous and rubbishy "lot" of other books, which sold—to his amazement—not for the three or four shillings expected by the auctioneer, but for £48! So be on the lookout for the little Dickens volume.

Tom Purdie.

Temperance.

The funeral took place in Melrose Abbey churchyard on Saturday of James Howden, Darnick, who had reached the age of 89 and who remembered the time when Sir Walter Scott was a familiar figure in Darnick. He could tell of an occasion when Scott went to Darnick one night in search of Tom Purdie and having found that worthy in the village inn took him back to Abbotsford in his gig.

Who was Tom Purdie? some will ask. Tom's introduction to Mr. Walter was in connection with a poaching charge, Tom being either defender or panel, according to the stage the charge had reached. Sir Walter, with his keen knowledge of men and things, perceived that in Tom was material which could be molded, and the poacher became shepherd. Later Tom constituted himself librarian at Abbottsford and claimed a sort of joint authorship in the novels, inasmuch as he used to refer to them as "our books." Sir Walter's testimony as to Tom's sterling character as far as the writer remembers, was in these words: "You could trust Tom with untold gold, but not with unmeasured whisky."

Churches Gain on Saloons.

London Globe.

There are 1,000 churches in the state of Washington and 1,500 saloons. However, the number of the churches is on the increase, while 345 saloons have been abolished within the past two years.

SENATE TO FACE THE ISSUE

Resolution to Elect Members by Popular Vote in Order.

Washington, May 9.—Senator Borah, of Idaho, yesterday succeeded in having the senate consider the house joint resolution to amend the constitution so as to provide for the election of United State senators by popular vote.

The effect is to make the resolution the unfinished business and thus give it preference.

Senator Borah announced that he had no intention of so pressing the resolution as to inconvenience senators who may desire to speak on it.

STAGE LURES FROM PULPIT

Preacher Says Prayer Convinced Him He Should Be an Actor.

Washington, May 9.—Rev. F. S. Carroll, assistant rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, will give up the ministry in favor of the stage.

Many nights spent on his knees in prayer have convinced him that he missed his vocation in life, he says, and before the ravages of age make the proposed step difficult, and success hard to attain, he will entertain audiences on pleasure bent in place of congregations listening in rapt attention to biblical exposition.

Mr. Carroll believes in following the promptings of his conscience. He does not expect to be a star in his new role, but he does hope to attain a greater success and a more contented spirit in the new profession. He is a descendant of the Carrolls, of Carrollton.

HE'S ABOUT TO BE PRIED OUT AT LAST.

PRESIDENT DIAZ
INSURRECTO